The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1927 No. 3209

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

WE ARE AT WAR in Nicaragua. It is nonsense to call our intervention a step for "protection of American lives and property." It is war—unauthorized by Congress, unjustified by any principle of international law or custom, unknown to the American people—and a low-down, bullying kind of war. "President" Diaz, the ex-secretary of an American mining corporation, could not hold office by himself. Our State Department recognized him; our marines guarded the ports for him; Americans collected the customs for him; American fliers in American airplanes chased his enemies for him; Washington denounced his opponent, the constitutional President, Sacasa, as a Mexican-aided Bolshevik. Still Diaz tottered. His chief aide, Chamorro, deserted the sinking ship. Finally Admiral Latimer landed marines at Sacasa's capital, Puerto Cabazas; declared the city and all the country about it a neutral zone; ordered Sacasa, his ministers and army, to disarm or get out; instructed the American mahogany companies to pay tariff dues to Diaz agents rather than to the Sacasa men who held the town. To prove his "neutrality" he announced that he would also disarm any Diaz soldiers who tried to return to the city from which they had been driven. Neutrality? Protection? It is imperialism of the most brazen cast.

TIMES CHANGE. Nine years ago—five years ago—even two years ago, either the discoveries lately made of secret German-Russian arms traffic, or the palpable distortion of justice by a French military court in the Rhineland, would have caused a howl of recrimination on both sides of the Rhine. The German Ministry of Defense since 1921 has been subsidizing a German armament firm to maintain near Moscow a factory at which military airplanes have been produced for both Germany and Russia; the eastern German fortresses have secretly been strengthened, and secret arms consignments have entered Germany from Russia. Poincaré—the same old Poincaré—is in power in Paris. Does he preach hate every Sunday? Does he threaten another Ruhr invasion? Does he yell and scream, as of old, that Germany must be kicked into reform? He does not. Time, the great teacher, has taught him something. And the result is that Germany is voluntarily reforming her Reichswehr. Meanwhile Lieutenant Rouzier, the French officer who in September killed one German and wounded two others in a drunken brawl in the occupied territory, has been acquitted and six of the Germans with whom he fought, including the men he wounded, sentenced to short terms in prison. Courts martial seem to be impartially and internationally stupid; French courts in the Rhineland behave precisely as German courts did in Alsace before the war. The Germans, of course, protested, but with a new note, and in 1926 French liberal opinion forced an almost immediate revision of this outrageous sentence.

GREAT BRITAIN HAS TURNED a flying somersault in its Chinese policy and come out for virtual recognition of the Canton Government and admission of China's right to levy customs taxes in excess of the treaty rates. Our own State Department, which has sat quietly on a shelf, doing nothing but admire its own benevolent intentions, must be wondering what kind of earthquake has hit Downing Street. The Chinese know the answer very well: It is the economic boycott. For sixteen months Canton boycotted British goods in South China, nearly ruining British Hongkong; now, with the Cantonese occupying the Yangtze valley, the British face a possible extension of this devastating policy of economic starvation. In the old days—not so very long ago—the white men in the East had a conviction that the Oriental understood nothing except force. The Chinese, cannier, have a conviction of their own: that the Occidental understands nothing except money; the place to hit him is in the pocketbook. This is the second great revolution in foreign policy which China has achieved. Japan, since the Washington Conference, has adopted, at least in her public actions, the role of a friend of the new China. Now Great Britain is following suit. America's trade ranks third in China, behind Japan's and England's; apparently our diplomacy also ranks a poor third.

HIROHITO, MOUNTING THE THRONE, will be the first Emperor of Japan who has donned trousers and visited Europe. And, accordingly, his reign is likely to mark a recession in that Mikado-worship which is one of the many anachronisms of modern Japan. Faith shatters on

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trifles; it is difficult to worship a god who plays golf and talks with common people. Yet the decay in emperor-worship may be the smallest problem of Hirohito's reign, for Japan is a synthetic nation come of age, ready to burst out of the test tubes of its political chemists. Surely there is no other record in history of a nation so consciously molded into modernity by a group of statesmen aware of their colossal function. The Mikado was restored to power in 1867; Japan's constitution dates only from 1889 and today she has universal manhood suffrage; in one generation her population has doubled and illiteracy been virtually wiped out. Within a quarter century she has developed newspaper circulations vaster than any in America, and built, beginning with a fleet of sailing junks, one of the great merchant marines of the world. The whole process has been planned and executed by a group of Elder Statesmen, one of whom, Marquis Saionji, can today, at the age of 88, clearly recall the days when Japan first opened her locked ports to the West. But Marquis Saionji is a survival and has no successor; the emperor-worship which the Elder Statesmen developed as a counterbalance to the modern influences is losing its magic; universal suffrage is yet to be tried in practice; and industrial feudalism and peasant tenantry mock the dreams of the founders.

THE POPE, apparently the only person in Italy at odds with Mussolini who dares to say so, has once more earned the gratitude of anti-Fascists wherever they may be. In a recent allocation issued from the Vatican, His Holiness expressed himself as displeased by the violences to which Fascism has resorted and in thorough disagreement with the Fascist ideal of the state as the supremely important organization: "Everything in the state, everything from the state, nothing outside the state." The church, from being in the position of first importance, has reluctantly consented to a position of equality with the state; it is, of course, not surprising that the head of the church should resent any further encroachment on this power. However, more important than either of these, are Pope Pius's fears for the secularization of the youth of Italy by means of the Balilla, an organization of boys from eight to eighteen years old, which prepares them for entrance into the Fascist militia. The young lambs are the shepherd's most precious wards—whether the shepherd be pope or minister, a fact of which Mussolini is well aware. He, in turn, is in opposition to the Catholic Pioneers, a sort of boy-scout organization, and to similar groups, because they are international in feeling.

OSWALD MOSLEY'S ELECTION as the Labor M. P. from Smethwick is another triumph for that sort of fairness which we think of as being peculiarly British. The son of a baroness, his wife the daughter of a marquess, both rich, both reared in the aristocratic tradition, Mr. Mosley, without even troubling to take off his fur coat or leave his limousine at home, was able to convince 16,000 hard-headed working men and women, among them members of the Communist Party, that he could represent them in Parliament. The returns, after a campaign of violent heckling on both sides, showed a plurality of some 7,000 votes for Labor, an increase of 1,500 over the last election; with only 2,000 votes the Liberal candidate ran a bad third. Thus the trend toward the Labor Party in the by-elections continues; it will only be a question of time before another Labor Government has its chance. When that time comes a member of Parliament probably will not be fined, as David Kirkwood recently was, £25 and costs for saying, in a speech about the coal strike, that "If I had to choose between enslaving the miners and flooding the pits I would not only flood them but destroy them." Three constables on whose testimony alone the conviction was made disagreed on the exact wording of the dangerous sentiments, even adding certain Anglo-Saxon words which Mr. Kirkwood says he uses neither in public nor private. "Two of the constables wrote their notes underneath their coats at the back of the meeting; this was the first time they had tried to report a meeting, while another heard what I said from a hidden place outside the hall"—so runs Mr. Kirkwood's statement in the Glasgow *Forward*. This sort of super-deftness and clairvoyance is a new wrinkle in the detection of bolshevism; our own secret service may profit by it.

WE ARE TO BE SANDBAGGED into buying a sandbar, it appears, at the present session of Congress. The means is suited to the end, and with the present Congress a few grains of sand on the head seem to be sufficient to guarantee the purchase of acres of it on the hoof. The effort, unsuccessfully made for the past two years, to incorporate in the rivers and harbors bill an appropriation of $11,500,000 for the purchase by the federal government of the Cape Cod canal has this winter carried such a provision through the Senate by a vote of 47 to 28. The rivers and harbors bill, previously passed by the House, now goes to conference, but the Washington correspondents predict that it will eventually go to the President—and of course be signed by him—with the appropriation intact for relieving the heirs and friends of the late August Belmont of the losses to which he subjected them through his financial fiasco at Cape Cod. For, baldly stated, that is the purpose of the appropriation—that and to discredit public ownership by debiting it with another undertaking which cannot possibly be operated without making up large annual losses through taxation. *The Nation* told the story of this white elephant of Wall Street in its issue of January 7, 1925, and has reverted to it since. Hitherto public opposition has been sufficient, supported by a few good men in Congress, to forestall the grab, but this year we find even a supposedly progressive and independent Democratic Senator such as David I. Walsh of Massachusetts voting in favor of the appropriation.

POSSIBLY THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT ought to take over the Cape Cod canal and operate it, even at a heavy annual expense, as part of the coastal waterways system. It is a useful, though far from a necessary, waterway; the tonnage passing through it has not amounted to a tenth of that predicted when the ditch—it is nothing more than an inverted sand dune—was opened to traffic in 1914, after an expenditure of about $10,000,000. The benefits so far have been mostly to a single corporation, the Eastern Steamship Company, which has paid two-thirds of the annual tolls for a passenger service through the canal. But, if purchased by the nation, one-half the sum provided in the rivers and harbors bill would be generous. Senator Howell of Nebraska tried to fix an amount in that neighborhood, but was outvoted. A price of $6,000,000 would pay the interest on the bond issue, which is the utmost the investors are entitled to ask, the operating profits having fallen well below

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the sum necessary for that purpose. It should be borne in mind, too, that if taken over by the nation the canal will doubtless be operated without tolls, as are other federal waterways, thus increasing the annual bill for upkeep. On top of this is the certainty that the nation will be asked to deepen the canal from the present twenty-five feet to thirty-five—and probably to widen it too. The cost of this, originally set at $10,000,000, is now placed at $20,000,000; doubtless it will prove to be $30,000,000. Buying a pig in a poke is a stroke of economy by comparison with purchasing a furrow in the sand.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* begins 1927 with a most commendable enterprise. It will publish henceforth a limited edition on rag paper, so that libraries and other institutions which desire to keep the files of that daily may have an edition which will survive the lapse of years. This is a genuine service. For fifty years our dailies have been printed upon wood-pulp paper which speedily becomes so brittle that it breaks, even with the most careful handling, and those libraries which could afford it have in recent years covered the pages with a transparent protection. On the other hand, if one turns back to the files of any newspaper prior to 1880 one finds the paper in a perfect state of preservation. Even files more than one hundred years old are as strong, as clean, and as readable as on the day when they were printed. There has been fear, naturally, lest contemporary journalistic records of the last few decades should disappear entirely. Newspapers have been considering the idea for a long time, but have been deterred, first, by the cost of the rag paper, and, secondly, by the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply. We sincerely trust that the *Times* will be well rewarded for its public-spirited undertaking—so well rewarded that other newspapers will be moved to follow suit, and that varying shades of opinion on current events may be preserved.

THEY FOUND TWELVE good men and true in Washington who had never heard of or had never heeded the Fall-Doheny scandal and who accordingly were fit to serve as jurymen. Try today to find a draftsman, a cigar clerk, a steamfitter, a newspaper-vendor, a cook, or an electrician who has no opinion on the "Ty" Cobb-"Butch" Leonard baseball scandal. You can't do it. They are all arguing about it. And there you have the explanation of the rise of the tabloid newspapers and evidence of the futility of politics today. We have not begun to solve the riddle of political government until we learn to make politics as absorbing as baseball. If the breath of scandal continues to blow over baseball, professional baseball will blow up. People will be no more interested in it than they are in politics—because they will suspect the players of the kind of histrionic insincerity that destroys faith in politicians of both parties.

ANOTHER FOOTBALL STAR has said publicly what so many must think privately, that the American college game, however diverting it may be to the spectator, is mighty slim fun for the player. Nathan K. Parker, who captained Dartmouth's undefeated eleven in 1925 and is now a Rhodes scholar in Oxford, declares himself to be a convert to the Rugby game in preference to American collegiate football. "Here is a game played for the sport of it," he writes, "while American football has developed into a serious proposition that might well be designated a business." After discussing the salaries of coaches and other commercial aspects of the American game, Mr. Parker concludes that it "assumes far too great an importance in the minds of both public and participants for the good of either—particularly the latter." Mr. Parker is probably deceiving himself in thinking Rugby a better game than American football. What he prefers is not the game but the attitude of players and students toward it. In England university football is still on an amateur basis; it is played for fun. Here an equally good game has been spoiled because it has been professionalized and commercialized until the fun has been lost for the player in a grim and grimy business. Harvard's gross football receipts in 1926 exceeded a million dollars—the players are mere pawns in one of our great vested interests.

ARTIST, BUSINESS MAN, missionary, poet, scientist, woman, and white man—this varied and interesting group of persons, all of them Negroes but the last, have just been honored by receiving the gold medals awarded by the Harmon Foundation for distinguished achievement by and for the Negro race. The woman is a pioneer educator: Virginia Estelle Randolph of Virginia, who began the now widespread system of combining in a rural community the teaching of the three R's with instruction in the rudimentary principles of the art of living—cleanliness, good food, proper cooking, fresh air, etc. She it was, also, who in an editorial in the Richmond *News Leader* was as a prize winner compared not unfavorably with Elihu Root, the winner of the Wilson award for public service—a distinction that not many Negro women have enjoyed to date. The white man honored by the Harmon Award was Will W. Alexander of Atlanta, Georgia; that a Southern white man should be singled out for a Negro medal marks a long step forward in the relations between the two races. The artist, Palmer C. Hayden, earns his living by doing odd jobs of house-cleaning, and paints in his spare time; the remaining recipients of the awards have each in his own way contributed something significant to the Negro race—and thus to the world at large.

NOW THAT CHRISTMAS is well over, we can begin the New Year with good resolutions never to use live holly again. The holly-tree is well nigh the most beautiful of Eastern American trees, and it once ranged north to Long Island and the edge of New England. Two decades ago it still grew within the limits of New York City—but not today, except in gardens. The annual holiday raids are driving it further and further back into the coastal swamps—and the holly-tree, a slow grower at best, does not regain lost ranges. It can be grown in captivity—berries planted in the earth of a palm-pot now are likely to send up small shoots six months hence, and a few years will produce at least a lunch-table spray of holly. We are beginning to moderate our consuming appetite for Christmas trees—to satisfy part of it from nurseries, and to grow our own, usable year after year, in back yards. Some of the Northern States have begun vigorous campaigns to save vanishing plants—every Connecticut automobile driver's license is accompanied by a warning not to pick azalea, arbutus, laurel, dogwood, or fringed gentian; will not Southern States adopt a holly-conservation program? Women have learned to do without aigrettes, and the once-vanishing white egret has been saved; why not holly too?

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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1926

WE list below a number of Americans who seem to us to have deserved well of their countrymen and the world. We trust that this honor roll will commend itself to our readers and that another year we may have their counsel in our selection.

For 1926 we place upon the honor roll the following:

Literature

THEODORE DREISER, for his "An American Tragedy," the greatest American novel of our generation.

CARL SANDBURG, for his "Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years," the most notable biography of 1926.

THOMAS BEER, for reminding us in "The Mauve Decade" of what we do not wish America to be again.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS, for recalling in his "Jefferson and Hamilton" the two ideals between which American politics perennially oscillates.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, for his efforts to discover and set forth the truth as to the origins of the World War.

H. L. MENCKEN, for adding, in three new books and in his *American Mercury*, to the gaiety and sanity of the nation.

Drama

WINTHROP AMES, for his revivals of "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates of Penzance."

SIDNEY HOWARD, for "The Silver Cord."

IRENE and ALICE LEWISOHN, for "The Dybbuk," part of the beautiful experiment of the Neighborhood Playhouse in "pure theater."

EUGENE O'NEILL, for a fresh demonstration of power and depth in "The Great God Brown."

Architecture

ROBERT T. WALKER, and the firm of McKenzie, Voorhees, and Gmelin, for the new Telephone Building in New York City.

Music

GEORGE EASTMAN, of Rochester, for making possible the recent Mozart Festival, and for demonstrating how much a lesser city can achieve in the domain of music.

JOHN CARPENTER and ROBERT EDMOND JONES, for their jazz ballet "Skyscrapers"—virtually a new American art form.

Journalism

The editors of the New York *World*, for the crusading devotion to liberal ideals which makes of their daily the finest public servant in the urban press of the North.

JULIAN and JULIA HARRIS, of the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun*, for gallantry, wisdom, and patriotism in the conduct of their daily.

R. CHARLTON WRIGHT, editor of the Columbia (S. C.) *Record*, for his efforts to compel the punishment of the lynchers of Aiken in his State.

THOMAS F. MILLARD, for telling the truth about China in the New York *Times*.

GROVER CLARK, for editing an American newspaper in Peking and keeping it true to the best American traditions.

Science and Discovery

Commander RICHARD E. BYRD, for his North Polar flight.

DR. WILLIAM DAVID COOLIDGE, of Schenectady, for his discovery of the cathode ray tube.

Business

HENRY FORD, for his advertising of the five-day week.

Athletics

GERTRUDE EDERLE, for proving that women can break athletic records made by men.

The Pursuit of Justice

ALBERT WEISBORD, for rousing the nation to the plight of the Passaic strikers.

CLARENCE DARROW and ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, for pleading and winning the cause of race justice in Detroit.

WALTER F. WHITE, for crossing the color line at the risk of his life and discovering the Aiken lynchers.

Service Abroad

S. PARKER GILBERT, Agent General of Reparations in Berlin, brilliant American administrator, bent on doing justice to all.

MARK L. BRISTOL, Rear Admiral and American diplomatic representative in Turkey, a man of sterling integrity and ability.

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, for most undiplomatic and most admirable truth-telling about the European situation.

DR. JOSEPH ROSEN, for devoted service in leading in the establishment of thousands of Jewish families on farm lands in South Russia.

CHARLES P. HOWLAND, of New York, a private citizen, who conferred luster upon the American name by his services in the repatriation of the Greeks from Turkey.

ELLEN LA MOTTE, for her struggle against the Opium Bloc at Geneva.

JEREMIAH SMITH, JR., for notable services in the reconstitution of Hungarian finance and economic life.

Public Service at Home

Governor ALFRED E. SMITH, for preserving for the people the remaining water-powers of New York State.

Senator GEORGE W. NORRIS, of Nebraska, for almost singlehandedly preventing the stealing of Muscle Shoals from the American public and for consistent independence of party lines.

Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH, for his old-fashioned honesty in denouncing the policy of force by all the Powers in China and by the United States in Mexico and Nicaragua.

AUGUST HECKSCHER, for pitting his wits and wealth against the slums of New York.

Religion

HARRY F. WARD, of Union Theological Seminary, for distinguished service as chairman of the Civil Liberties Union, than which there is no more useful or necessary or patriotic American organization.

SHERWOOD EDDY, a Y. M. C. A. official who dared lead a party to Russia and report what they saw.

Bishop WILLIAM M. BROWN, for his expulsion from his church; the man who "lost a religion and found a faith."

Heroism

Captain GEORGE FRIED and his crew of the President Roosevelt for proving anew that none exceed Americans in gallantry at sea.

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Carmi Thompson's Compromise

THE President, faced with the perennial problem, What to do about the Philippines, chose his man more wisely than most of us suspected. Carmi Thompson, his envoy, had grown up in the Ohio-gang school of politics, where life's highest ideal is to provide something for everyone and to keep all the boys friendly. There are times when that is impossible, even for an Ohio politician; but there are other times when the fixer is a useful public servant. Considering that a year ago President Coolidge was recommending backward steps, that Governor Wood has been demanding more autocratic powers, that Representative Bacon had been making headway with his proposal to divide the islands in the interest of the rubber-growers, Carmi Thompson's compromises make a pretty encouraging document.

Independence, to be sure, fades into the hazy distance. The Thompson report recommends that absolute independence "be postponed for some time to come." That at least leaves the presumption that independence is at most a few decades away, which causes the New York *Herald Tribune* to foam with rage. His reasons for opposing immediate independence are strange: First, because they "lack the financial resources necessary to maintain an independent government"—this, although half the states represented in the League of Nations have a smaller annual income from taxation; second, because "they lack a common language"—although nearly a tenth of the entire population of the islands is today attending schools conducted by Filipinos in English, and four times that number have been to such schools; third, because the islands lack a "controlling public opinion"—strange comment from a member of the Ohio Gang; fourth, because the United States needs the Philippines "as a commercial base"—a clear suggestion that money interest should induce us to make scraps of paper of our solemn promises; fifth, because Philippine independence "might complicate international relations in the Orient"—in other words, give impetus to the rising tide of Asiatic protest against colonial subservience to Europe, an end which we should like the United States, recalling 1776, to encourage; and sixth, because "immediate independence would end the free-trade relationship between the United States and the Philippines"—under which we have forced the islands into a position of economic dependence upon the United States.

Yet we may for the moment let Mr. Thompson's argument against independence pass. The question of Philippine independence will never down; the more Philippine contacts with America grow, the more Filipino boys and girls read of the history of the American struggle for independence, the more their human demand for self-government will rise. But the present Congress would not conceivably grant independence. That their national hope is postponed at least until after the election of 1928 is no new disappointment for the Filipino leaders. They had not hoped for better things at this time; they had feared worse. And Carmi Thompson, as a good working politician, has had the common sense to realize that any attempt to lessen the autonomy of the islands could only result in increased friction and in political disaster.

Against what may be called the Wood-and-rubber propositions Thompson sets his face with decision. He recommends that the Jones Law, the present national charter of the islands, be not changed; that Congress make no attempt to amend the land laws which hamper the projects of the Firestones and others who want to develop rubber in million-acre lots, with the concurrent conditions of virtual human slavery which have disgraced the Congo and the Putumayo district of Peru; that Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago be not separated from the rest of the islands. The attempt to cut off the rich, undeveloped South of the Philippines and keep it for American capital was a suggestion of the rubber interests which would have affected Filipino development somewhat as the United States would have been affected had the trans-Alleghanian hinterland been cut off in our early years. And Carmi Thompson's report should mean a veto upon these suggestions.

In positive proposals Mr. Thompson is a bit indefinite. Possibly a more detailed report will follow. He frankly admits that the blame for the deadlock between Governor Wood and the Filipino Legislature and Cabinet is divided—which must cause the old general to snort with indignation. He proposes that steps be taken to reestablish cooperation between the legislative and executive branches of the government. Unfortunately he suggests no such steps; but the natural first step would seem to be substitution of a more flexible figure for Governor Wood—perhaps he will resign of his own accord. Mr. Thompson recommends that Governor Wood's "cavalry cabinet" of army officers—a product of inability to get along with the Filipino officials—be abolished; in its stead he recommends that "the necessary civil advisers" be provided. This might imply more American officials; it would be wiser for the Governor to get along with Filipino assistants. He suggests incorporation of the islands in our Federal Reserve System—a misstep which would prolong their period of economic and financial tutelage; establishment of federal land banks, lending to farmers at reasonable rates of interest—a good plan, but requiring detailed elaboration if it is to do more than promote the creation of great American landed estates; that the Philippine Government withdraw from private business at the earliest possible date—by which he means sell its most valuable properties to American capitalists for private exploitation; and that the Philippine Legislature amend the land law—which we most earnestly hope it will not do. If the Filipinos do not yet know that the creation of huge absentee-landlord estates is the surest way to destroy their independence, they are indeed without the knowledge necessary for independence. And finally, he urges that the Philippines, with Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and our other island possessions, be transferred to a new independent department—a sort of Department of the Colonies—a suggestion which has administrative merits, but suggests an un-American intention to develop the colonial business.

Probably nothing whatever will be done at this session of Congress, and that, after all, is about as much as one has reason, under the rule of Calvin Coolidge, to hope. If the American people resists the immediate onslaught of the rubber imperialists that at least is one step to the good. We earnestly hope that a group of men will soon sit in Congress and in the executive offices determined to fulfil America's promises of independence to the Filipino people.

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The Panama Treaty

A NEW and extraordinary departure in Pan-American relations is the signing of an offensive alliance between Panama and the United States. Under this treaty Panama gives us her pledge that the republic

> will consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent, and in order to render more effective the defense of the Canal will, if necessary in the opinion of the United States Government, turn over to the United States in all the territory of the Republic of Panama, during the period of actual or threatened hostility, the control and operation of wireless and radio communication, aircraft, aviation centers, and aerial navigation.

In addition the Republic of Panama agrees that "the United States shall have the direction and control of all military operations in any part of the territory of the Republic of Panama" during any actual or threatened hostilities.

We are aware that the Republic of Panama, which was set up by American arms after Theodore Roosevelt, as he boasted, "took Panama," has from the beginning been a creature of our Government, as much a vassal of ours as the Island of Malta is of Great Britain. Its government holds office under the shadow of American guns; its President would never dare do anything which the commanders of the Canal and our military zone did not wish him to undertake. Of course, Panama is not alone; as we dragged Panama into the World War so we forced in Cuba, Haiti, and Liberia—because we coveted a few German ships that had sought refuge in their waters. In a sense this treaty merely legalizes or recognizes an existing status. Having from the first made the mistake of refusing to internationalize the Panama Canal, we continue to lavish hundreds of millions of dollars upon its defenses and seek to justify our military interventions in Haiti and Nicaragua on the theory that if those countries should become hostile to us they would "menace" the Panama Canal—which "menace" was also the excuse for retaining our naval base in Cuba. It is, of course, precisely the plea of "military necessity" upon which Germany sought to excuse her invasion of Belgium.

If the treaty legalizes an existing status, it is none the less a bad status to legalize. It is an "entangling alliance" if there ever was one. It will add to the unrest and dislike of us throughout Pan-America—the London *Times*, in commenting on the treaty, declares that unrest in Latin America over the steady southward march of the United States is increasing and will continue to increase. Meanwhile, there is an immediate complication at hand since Panama is a member of the League of Nations. League officials agree that the Panama-United States treaty conflicts with three articles of the League Covenant and "does not do the United States, Panama, or the League any good and may do the last two considerable moral damage." With many of the irreconcilable Senators this will be an argument for approval of the treaty. In our judgment this treaty is another step in our most unhappy and imperialistic Pan-American policy, which must inevitably cost the United States dear. It would seem almost better to annex the isthmus outright than to lay down the law that our Government in Washington shall have the right to drag into a conflict the innocent people of the Republic of Panama, whose sole offense is that they live near the Canal.

Culture—How to Avoid It

HENRY FORD thought that history was bunk, and if he held any higher opinion of the arts he successfully concealed it; but his son Edsel has just paid a quarter of a million dollars for a Holbein portrait, illustrating once more the inevitable gravitation of wealth toward "culture." Even in the highly favorable atmosphere of the Italian Renaissance it took the Medici family four generations to evolve an Art Patron out of an Aboriginal Financier; but here in America evolution is speeded up, and two generations are enough to compass the change. God only knows what the earnest young mechanician would have said, at the time when he first dreamed his dream of Tin Lizzies, of the proposal to pay a cool $250,000 for a portrait painted four hundred years ago by a man of whom he had never heard. But at least the lesson is clear: the only way to escape culture and to maintain a proper respect for the value of money is not to make too much of the latter. Possessors of vast wealth can no more keep from turning into patrons of the arts than a caterpillar can help from turning into a butterfly. It's a law of nature.

Indeed some student of social statistics might profitably investigate the correlation between financial status and the outward manifestations of an aspiration toward culture. Just how much money does a man have to have before his wife will refuse to let him dine in his undershirt; what is the point at which his daughters begin to worry about their grammar; just what stage corresponds to a purchase of the Harvard Classics; and at what rather high elevation does the inevitable acquirement of gilt-edged art begin? These and similar questions demand serious investigation and we are inclined to believe that what statisticians call the mean deviation from the norm would be found exceedingly small. Moreover, the greater the wealth required for the production of a given phenomenon, the more exact the correlation would be, for it is easier for moderate prosperity to keep its "ain'ts" than for a multimillionaire to refrain from buying old masters.

Even the founder of the Ford dynasty has felt the stirrings of aspiration, and he has gone in for as much culture as he can understand. He has patronized music—the village fiddler; gone in for literature—first editions of McGuffey's Readers; and even concerned himself with the bunk called history—witness the Wayside Inn and the foundations of that little red schoolhouse into which Mary's snow-white lamb intruded its unwelcome presence. Indeed he has shown a certain sturdy common sense. He has stuck to those arts he can appreciate as well as to that part of the past which is meaningful to him, and he has thereby revealed a strain of intelligence which makes it possible to imagine that some descendant of his—a grandson perhaps—might possibly be capable of doing something for the living arts of his country. But whether or not so desirable a state of affairs should ever come about, we may rest assured of one thing. From now on the Ford family will not speak of either traditions or art with the contempt of its raw youth, for *richesse oblige*. Even when great wealth remains a bit vague upon such subjects as "tactile values" and "significant form" it can appreciate the conspicuous expenditure involved in the purchase of dimmed canvases. The Fords will reverence the things of the past as rapidly as they discover them, and Edsel has already got back to Holbein.

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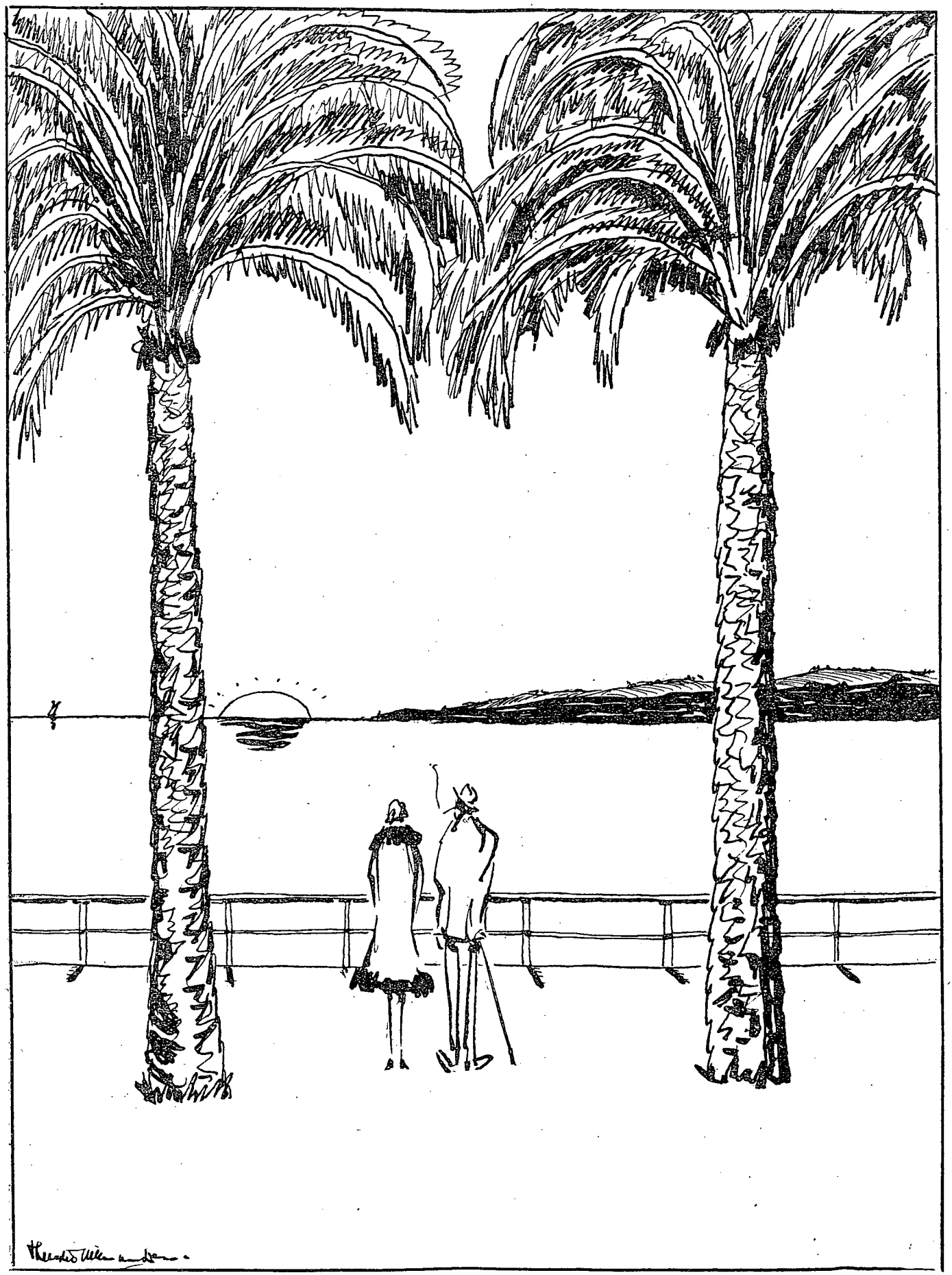

ON THE RIVIERA. *"I see that even the King suffered from the coal shortage in England at Christmas time."*
"The poor dear. Why doesn't he take a run out here where it's warm?"

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The Virtue of Shaking Hands

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

"I DON'T know at all how they live—in a very slack, haphazard way, I suppose; but since I've never been in a Filipino house, I really can't judge."

"You've never been in a Filipino house?" I echoed stupidly, staring at my hostess across a table bright with poinsettias, and glittering with wafer-thin, cut shells which served as place cards. Her casual statement, a nonchalant fragment of dinner-party small-talk, was to me so astounding as to be stunning. She was the wife of a United States official who has been for years in the Philippine Islands, and she lived in the "best" residential section of Manila, surrounded on every side by Filipino neighbors. And when she had reiterated, with slightly more detail, what she had said before, it was all I could do to keep from exclaiming, "Well, you certainly have missed a great deal!"

For I had come to this dinner almost directly from a Filipino house; and the picture of elegant and ordered living which I had carried away with me was still as softly vivid as if it had been colored on my consciousness by a master painter: at the end of a driveway which wound quietly up a little hill stood a large garden, the generous green of its central plot fringed with roses; and my hostess, as she greeted me at the open door, handed me a bouquet of dusky roses, their perfume as heavy as their own rich crimson heads. Her satin *saya* was looped up on one side to show a petticoat of fine lace; the same fine lace was etched against the sheer piñar cloth, made of pineapple fiber, of her *camisa* (bodice); and her neckerchief was fastened with a superb diamond brooch.

"You would like to go upstairs, perhaps," she suggested, "before you take your place in the receiving line?"

She led me up a stairway with a balustrade of dark hardwood, exquisitely carved, into a bedroom where this hardwood and this carving were repeated in every piece of furniture—in the immense, canopied fourpost bed, in the dressing table, cheval glass, wardrobe, and chairs. I could not refrain from exclamations of admiration; and I received my reward when I was taken into four other bedrooms, each more beautifully furnished than the last. Then I was conducted downstairs again, to the spacious drawing-room: the portrait of my host's mother, painted by a Filipino artist when she was sixteen—a dainty, wistful, expectant sixteen, as the artist had understood and interpreted—hung over the grand piano; the casement windows, with their tiny square panes of opalescent shell—that same shell which my American hostess used for dinner cards, and which serves, in the Philippines, so many beautiful and varied purposes—were thrown open to let the mellow afternoon light stream in over burnished brass bowls filled with flowers, over bits of golden brocade gleaming down the length of polished tables, over Chinese rugs of Ming blue spread across a shining floor. Here, in course of time, after I had met a hundred or so women, all dressed, like my hostess, in that lovely costume which is surely one of the most suitable and striking of national dresses, and nearly as many men, in spotless linen and pongee, all cordial, sophisticated, and charming, my hostess brought refreshments to me—pale tea in a thin, priceless cup; sherbet in carved crystal; frosted cakes on a pierced silver salver . . . yes, certainly, the woman who lives for years where she might go daily to houses like these, and never enters one of them, misses a great deal!

I spoke of this episode to another American woman, also long resident in the Philippines. Her comment, also, was surprising.

"Oh, their houses are pretty, many of them," she said with a little disparaging laugh, "and *they're* pretty, quite pretty, often. I agree with you that the costume is lovely, and the women are really hospitable, charming, and gracious. But they haven't any mentality. Their education is superficial. They don't read. You never see a book in a Filipino house."

Passing over, for the moment, the rather formidable array of women doctors, lawyers, and educators who had been presented to me during my brief stay, I nevertheless ventured to disagree with her. For I had sat, the greater part of the evening before, with another old friend, a Filipino woman whom I had known before coming to the islands, in her library. This library so far surpassed my own—and I am proud of my library—that I was green with jealousy. It was a large room—much larger than mine—and the books were crowded on three sides, clear to the ceiling, row after row; on the fourth side, under the broad windows, three more rows of books were squeezed in. The large central table was covered with magazines and newspapers in several languages; the latest works of fiction, biography, history, and travel were scattered lavishly about; and as the owner of all these envied treasures talked with me about what she had "recently read" my sense of being almost illiterate myself grew stronger and stronger, such was the variety, depth, and extent of her reading.

The Spaniard, with all his faults as a colonist, did not shut his eyes to the fact that the Philippines were producing men and women of culture, refinement, and intellect, and mingled with them socially as a matter of course. The American colonist, loudly proclaiming his superiority, refuses to do anything of the kind. The line of cleavage between the two races—Anglo-Saxon and Malay—has been drawn as it certainly is not drawn in Java, where the Dutch, it would seem, are facing much the same problem which confronts us in the Philippines, with another Malay race.

And how are the Dutch dealing with it? By recognizing, first of all, the Javanese as a social equal, if, by birth, breeding, and education, he is entitled to such recognition. The native sultans and regents have been shorn of all but nominal power; but the Dutch residents and governors and the Governor General invite them to dinner and dine with them in return, display and exact respect for their religious and domestic customs, and address them in terms of brotherly affection. This may be merely surface courtesy; but it certainly results in a smooth and pleasing surface! Nor is this all; the Dutch declare that a child with a drop of Dutch blood in its veins is a Dutch child, entitled to all the rights and privileges of a Dutch child, not only while it is a child but after it is grown, not only in Java and else-

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where in the Dutch East Indies, but in the Netherlands. If you go into the Queen Wilhemina School, one of the best private schools in Bandoeng—and Bandoeng has a system of schools, both public and private, of which any city in the world might well be proud—you will find sitting beside a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, snowy-skinned little girl a black-haired, black-eyed, dusky-skinned little boy. Not a single instance of this, but many; not only dusky little boys sitting by fair little girls, but dusky little girls sitting by fair little boys. If you go in the afternoon to one of the fine concerts held in the clubs which are the centers of adult social life you will notice that the pretty woman, exquisitely dressed, sitting at the next table to you beside her blonde, rotund, and placid Dutch husband is a slim brunette herself; and glancing about at all the other couples who are drinking cool beverages and listening to the music, at dozens of other little tables, you will realize how many of them bear the unmistakable sign of an admixture of races. More than this: you will find, if you are fortunate enough to be invited to some of the official households, that your hostess, the wife of a great Dutch functionary, would not be called Dutch by you, and neither would many of the guests. If you motor over the excellent island roads, reveling in scenery which is at once exotic and controlled, with wet fields of terraced rice and acres of plumy sugar cane, and mountains veiled with a rosy mist of sunset, you will see troops of soldiers marching, with corporals at the head of private soldiers far lighter in color than they.

You will also find, now and then, a whispered murmur, "Java for the Javanese," or a hint that these Javanese, like all other subject races governed by aliens, are resenting foreign rule with a new world-consciousness. But this is indefinite, unformed, and not at all troublesome. The Dutch are losing no sleep, no time, and no money over it; they are sending out no committees appointed by Queen Wilhemina to report to the Dutch Parliament at the opening session and justify their tenacity in clinging to their richest possession. They are not talking about the economic and political causes of Javanese ingratitude. For they have accorded social recognition to the Javanese, in a very wide sense of the word; and in doing so they have eliminated the greatest source of open, hot rebelliousness and rancor.

The Dutch are far harder taskmasters than we have ever been. The poorer Javanese—and most of them are poor—old and young, work early and late, and for wages so small that it is incomprehensible to the outsider that they should sustain life upon such a pittance. Their village homes are untouched by the sanitary reforms which we have thrust upon the Filipinos. Their village schools, though these, like village banks, do exist—it being pure slander to say that the Dutch have allowed the natives no educational opportunities—cut a poor figure beside the substantial concrete buildings in the Philippines, to which the Filipino children eagerly flock, being much more interested in primers than they are in plumbing. While, should a Javanese journal once attempt the expression of such sentiments toward the Dutch as are flung out against Americans daily across the front pages of several Manila newspapers, without interference from our authorities, its suppression would be both speedy and severe. Yet in Java are order, peace, and prosperity to a remarkable degree; in the Philippines violent dissatisfaction, chaos, turmoil, and unsettled financial conditions.

Is it possible that in denying social privileges to a race peculiarly sensitive in regard to such recognition we have been guilty not only of an offense against good manners, but of a national blunder the consequences of which may be grave? Mr. Hughes is generally supposed to have forfeited the Presidency because of his failure to shake hands with Senator Johnson. Are we to forfeit the Philippines because we have, so to speak, refused to shake hands with the Filipinos? We need not go as far as the Dutch; we may leave aside all question of racial intermarriage, the advisability of which we shall probably always question, and which—let us not forget—the races with which we decline to intermarry question quite as anxiously as we do. Might it not be well to admit that there are Filipinos who are our social equals, and to accept the hospitality which they, more than any other race with which I have come in contact, offer so lavishly and so whole-heartedly? Might it not be well perhaps to offer them a little in return?

It is no idle epigram, more graceful than veracious, which states that the fate of nations has often been decided over a dinner table. It is the sober truth. And it is a truth to which we might listen with profit in considering the problem of the Philippines.

Twelve Good Men and True

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

SAY what you will, criticism of the Fall-Doheny verdict comes down in the end to a criticism of the jury system. From observation as a reporter assigned to the trial, and from a long interview had with a juror after the trial, this writer is satisfied that the disappointing outcome of this celebrated prosecution is simply a part of the price we pay for protection against judicial oppression.

None of the excuses so common for verdicts which allow rich and powerful malefactors to go free can properly be offered here—Senator Heflin to the contrary notwithstanding. The case was ably prosecuted, the presiding justice was conspicuously austere and impartial, yet Albert Fall and E. L. Doheny, already condemned by two courts, the Senate, and the overwhelming preponderance of public opinion, managed to get off. To one familiar with the facts, the reason for this is obvious. Consider the jury; here is a list of its members:

Vernon Snow, 30, draftsman
Stephen Vermillion, 29, clerk
Henry J. Briggs, 35, architect
Henry Byers, 24, teamster
Clinton Carver, 24, steamfitter's apprentice
George B. Cobb, 29, railway clerk
Windfield Mardindill, 23, bank clerk and law student
Alphonso Parker (foreman), 43, news-stand proprietor
Chester F. Parker, 40, grocery clerk
Herbert Via, 41, cigar clerk in a drug-store
Christian Vogel, 43, second cook
William B. Farmer, 25, electrician

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"This typically American jury," Mr. Doheny proudly called it, in the jubilant moment following acquittal. Alas, he may have been right. Nearly all these men declared, when examined for duty, either that they had never heard of the oil scandals or that they had paid very little attention to them. None had formed an opinion concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused. That able journalist, Mr. Frank Kent, exclaimed in amazement over the fact that twelve such men could be found in the United States. They were found, and found in a comparatively short time.

Consider, then, the nature of the questions they were required to answer. They were asked to decide whether a President of the United States had been imposed upon by one of his Cabinet; whether another Cabinet officer had been incredibly fatuous and gullible; whether the exchange of royalty oil for construction work was an improper invasion of the legislative field by the executive branch; whether a rear-admiral had misled his chief in order to effect a pet scheme of defense in the Pacific; whether $100,000 sent in cash by a multimillionaire to a Cabinet officer was a bribe or a loan; whether in either case it was the consideration for the subsequent letting of a contract containing a joker clause under which the lease was afterward granted, and whether navy officials had reason to expect trouble from Japan in 1921.

True, the federal district and circuit courts had pronounced the transaction "saturated with fraud," but federal judges are men trained in sifting and weighing evidence and in penetrating to motives. True, the Senate had condemned it, but after months of study and debate. True, 95 per cent of the newspaper correspondents considered it a plain case of corruption, but they had lived with it since 1923.

These jurors were yanked from shop, counter, truck, and desk. Without warning or background, their bewildered eyes and confused ears were assailed with a huge volume of oral and documentary evidence, much of it highly contradictory. For three weeks they gazed upon the benign face and bandaged arm of Old Man Doheny. For three weeks they were exposed to the famous and contagious smile of lawyer Hogan. They read the dead President's letter approving the lease. They heard former Secretary Denby's sworn statement that he initiated it. They heard a score of prominent persons, including a member of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet, testify to the exalted reputations and sterling characters of the accused. They heard the court's instruction on "reasonable doubt."

To err is human; to forgive is even more so, especially by men who are not suffering from any sense of personal injury. The jury retired to deliberate. From the outset nine favored acquittal, two were for conviction, one was undecided. The juror who held out longest for conviction was the one whose intelligence and educational advantages had most impressed spectators during the process of selecting the jury. He is a professional man. The other juror voting for conviction possessed some knowledge of law. From a juror's subsequent account of the "deliberations" the writer received a distinct impression that a number of the young clerks and mechanics were antagonized by the professional man's calm sifting of the evidence. Their determination to overbear him hardened accordingly. I quote a part of the discussion, as my informant remembered it:

"You can't tell me old man Doheny is a crook," declared a youthful mechanic. "I'll stay here till hell freezes over before I'll vote to send him to the pen. Didn't all those navy guys beg him to get in on this proposition? Why didn't they indict them, too?"

"But," protested the professional man, "how can you escape from that $100,000 transaction?"

"Oh, hell, didn't you hear them say it was just a loan between old friends? They had been friends for forty years. Doheny is a millionaire; why shouldn't he loan him the money? I like a fellow that stands by his friends. It's too bad there aren't more like him."

"All very well," said the professional man, "but you know and I know that a big business man like Doheny doesn't send $100,000 cash in a satchel by his son when he wants to make a loan. He sends a check. If it was just a loan, why did Fall lie about it? Why did he persuade McLean to lie about it?"

"Well," retorted one of the youths, "it was his own money, and he had a right to send it any way he pleased, and it was nobody's business. Fall would have had a yellow streak a foot wide if he hadn't told that white lie to protect a friend, especially after what Doheny had done for him."

Of the ex-juror who reported this discussion I inquired: "Did anyone ask why it should have been necessary to protect a friend if the transaction was legitimate?"

"No," he said, "if that was mentioned, I don't remember it. The consensus seemed to be that they were old friends, and that whatever happened in connection with the loan was their own business."

The outstanding weakness of the Government's case, in his opinion and in the opinion of the others, he said, was the failure to show by direct evidence that the $100,000 was given as a consideration for obtaining the lease. Unless the Government could prove that by first-hand evidence, a majority of the jurors felt that no conspiracy had been shown. I suggested to him that the character of such transactions must nearly always be established by collateral circumstances. Men who give and receive bribes seldom expressly designate them as such, hence usually it is impossible to produce first-hand evidence of the understanding with which the money was paid.

"Exactly," he agreed. "That's just what we decided —they hadn't made a case."

To think of all the energy, brains, and high purpose which had been lavished upon the long and difficult struggle to get these two men to trial, and then to realize that the final verdict had been written out of such reasoning and in such a mood as the foregoing discloses, is enough to make men despair. Of what avail was the splendid courage and brilliant intellect of Senator Walsh, of what use the prodigious labor of Roberts, the whole stirring three-year fight to have justice upon this faithless official and his brazen millionaire patron?

Yet the very nature of our criminal procedure made the outcome almost inevitable. Under a time-honored rule, extensive knowledge of the case is sufficient to disqualify a talesman for jury service. In other words, the availability of a citizen for jury duty was in direct ratio to his lack of information, in a case where possession of that information was a condition of intelligent citizenship! Nobody will contend that a man should be permitted to sit on a case when he has formed and expressed pronounced opinions as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, but there seems no excuse for enforcing the rule to the extent where mental paralysis becomes the goal of achievement in selecting a jury.

Under such conditions as obtained here, a little in-

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geniousness in the planning and commission of a fraud becomes a defense safer than an alibi. Few jurors will convict on evidence which they cannot understand. "When in doubt, acquit," is not only the psychology of the juror; it is also the law. Very soon the Government will bring Fall and Harry F. Sinclair to trial on the charge of having conspired to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome lease. One contemplates the event with pardonable cynicism. The very heart of the alleged conspiracy in that case is a highly complicated set of dealings, revolving around a bogus trading company, organized across the border in Canada.

True, from its devious activities, $230,000 in Liberty Bonds eventually found their way to Fall and persons closely connected with him. True, Fall secretly leased Teapot Dome to one of the guarantors and organizers of that company. But would these two circumstances have any significance to a jury which could see no connection between the $100,000 in the little black bag and the lease which Fall subsequently gave Doheny? The writer respectfully assumes to doubt it.

These Modern Women

A Deflated Rebel

ANONYMOUS

FROM a rebellious childhood I have settled into a comfortable middle age of marriage, children, a couple of strenuous and pleasantly creative avocations, and a slight tendency to bridle when men deal in generalizations about women—despite the fact that I indulge in generalizations about men. An explanation of my continuously angry soul as a child is as far beyond me as an explanation of my present complacency. But I find an impersonal interest in the conflicts which surrounded us at home, now that they are revealed. They were at the time unmentioned and by an heroic effort almost unnoticed in our upright Quaker household.

We print herewith the fifth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in The Nation *for January 19.*

A psychoanalyst and a behaviorist will analyze these articles in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's rebellion.

Women predominated in the family. We were two grandmothers, father, mother, and three daughters. Grandfather Evans, who left at his death a business which was our life's catastrophe, dominated the family circle to some extent by his grave portrait and by my grandmother's and my mother's adoration of him as a symbol of great competence. Grandfather Haynes, a vague family hero, since he lost his life in an underground railway freeing slaves, was unknown even to my father, born after his death.

Father and mother married about the time of her father's death. Owing to a flight in advertising, his business was willed to his widow and daughter (my mother) in a bankrupt condition. Bankruptcy proceedings would have saved the day, but my Grandmother Evans's proud and stubborn spirit prevented. Therefore, as my father and mother started on their marital career, they assumed the responsibility of paying off an enormous debt, reviving a fading business, supporting two grandmothers, and keeping intact the large house and garden of my mother's mother. We had to move into this house within a few years to save expense. Grandma Evans looked upon this arrangement as an imposition, although her own rigid and upright standards of conduct had made it necessary. But sacrifices were essential. My grandmother's maid must go; our "hired girl" must go. The house was apportioned; the household work divided.

Now for various reasons my father's mother, Grandma Haynes, a good and kindly practicing Quaker, was thoroughly despised by my mother's mother, an intelligent and presumably gentle practicing Quaker. I think Grandma Haynes was considered "common," or perhaps it was her more poverty-stricken past that gained her my other grandmother's antagonism. But the problem of keeping these two eminently sweet old ladies from meeting in the house became another burden upon my father and mother. Grandma Evans would peer down the long hall from the door of her room before stepping out in order to guard against any chance meeting with Grandma Haynes. Should that tragic event occur in spite of every precaution, there would be a quickened tread and an averted head on the part of Grandma Evans and a sad, hurt look of bewilderment on the face of Grandma Haynes. When I witnessed one of these meetings, the gorge rose within me. I was aligned forever with the more humble side of the family —my Grandmother Haynes and her son, my father.

The division of tasks in the household was tragically perverse. Grandma Evans—intellectual, individualist, and undomestic—assumed complete charge of the kitchen, planning and cooking for this entire family which her conscience had imposed upon her. Otherwise her martyrdom would have been insufficient, and we should have been less in the position of irritating and unwelcome guests. Grandma Haynes, who craved hard manual labor for the sake of those she loved, was barred from the kitchen. She was forced to eke out her unsatisfied zeal in devoted care of us—who would have none of it—and in endless knitting. Besides the kitchen Grandma Evans had as her sanctuary the library, with heavy doors eternally drawn together, and her own front bedroom. Neither of these rooms can I ever remember entering, except to sniff their dignity and remoteness. Her quiet superiority and her endless labor were exasperatingly evident; though she never complained or discussed her affairs in our hearing. Utterly dependent on my father and mother, she was yet the unquestioned head of the house, while they were the driven slaves of the business she had refused to allow them to abandon.

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Grandma Haynes was more a part of the family. We all, except Grandma Evans, used the office, which English-like was in the house, in the evening as a sitting-room. Here my mother and father worked at the ledgers and typewriter during the day; here an enormous safe bearing my grandfather's name, fondly surrounded by pink painted roses and many flourishes, was a constant reminder of his once prosperous state. The parlor was for piano lessons and parties.

We children were brought up to speak the Quaker tongue out of consideration for our grandmothers, and the Quaker tongue in a thoroughly un-Quaker community in the mouths of three fairly unrefined little brats often expressed itself in such demure remarks as "Damn thee. I'm just as tough as thee is."

But to Grandma Evans was due more than mere respect. Virtue in our family consisted in helping her with the dishes and household chores. Wickedness was to refuse dishwashing and play with the undesirable family next door, whom Grandma Evans despised but whom my father and Grandma Haynes could see no reason for disdaining, poor and uneducated though they were. My elder sister chose the good; I chose the evil; my younger sister remained neutral. I chose the side of no work and free associations. I hated my sister for winning Grandma Evans's difficult approval by dishwashing and snobbish behavior. I rebelled against the quiet superiority which lent a fictitious dignity to tiresome tasks and poured silent contempt on the gentle head of Grandma Haynes. Although the antagonism between them was unspoken and unacknowledged, I sided passionately with the under-grandmother and rejected all the standards set up by Grandma Evans. Perhaps I yearned secretly for her approval, but could not stoop to win it. Certainly I did not. I went my way, angry and resentful. I sought out the toughest companions of the neighborhood. I played with boys winter and summer, whose bravado, being normal, seemed of a far less glorious nature than my own. They were no better and no worse than I at the game of tip-cat under the lamplight on the corner of a spring evening. Boys were slightly more stupid in school, but occasionally better at games. Though I tried football, it bored me and I freely granted superiority on that field if they claimed it. I felt magnificently glorified in being a girl—a girl who could do anything she wanted to. I also felt proud of my democratic ways. I played with and liked the most "undesirable" children I could find, just as at home I associated with and adored the grandmother who I knew was looked down upon. Having to do dishes and run errands was an injustice; and so was our everlasting economy and poverty. I was in a state of continual rebellion.

Since we were brought up with economic handicaps, it had been taken for granted by us all that once out of college the efforts of our father and mother were finished as far as we were concerned. We had to earn our own living; no feminist faith was necessary. Since the work of supporting the family had been done as much by my mother as by my father, there was nothing to indicate that we should not be as capable of earning money as any son would have been. I can remember no suggestion in the minds of any of us of sex inferiority, male or female. Both my father and mother believed in and worked for woman suffrage. There was no preaching to us of woman's duty being thus and so. Certainly we were not brought up to be charming; our clothes were grotesque, expressing my mother's latent color sense, if they expressed anything at all.

Later on, in college, I became imbued with sufficient formulism to feel that it was up to me to prove that women were as capable as men in the world's achievements. But owing to a natural dislike of hard work, still heavy upon me from childhood, I was soon able to prove to my own satisfaction that no important task had to be done by me as a woman, since other women were covering themselves with glory in every field of effort. That let me out personally. Inwardly, I looked upon earning my living primarily as a chance for further adventure, for experience and amusement, and gained my objective with scant satisfaction to my employers. I worked in factories; briefly I held a position as secretary; I went in for newspaper and magazine work. I enjoyed my various jobs for the personal contacts they involved, for their variety and occasional excitement. I disliked them for their drudgery—the reminiscent flavor of duty and dishwashing.

In the early days of my marriage the formulas of feminism pestered me because I allowed my husband to support me. But since I had used my economic independence previously as a means to adventure, and the immediate adventure of my life was the entirely unforeseen one of adjusting to intimacy and conflict in marriage, I found it easy to still the accusing voice which pointed out that principles were at stake. Besides which, having found that most of my principles were generated out of perversity, it became necessary as I grew older either to cast rigid rules of conduct out altogether or to invent them as the situation arose or to remold new ones out of a more adult attitude. My feminism is a part of my ego and perhaps nothing more. I like myself—and I am a woman. Therefore, I naturally resent injustice on the basis of sex.

As an individual I want, and have found, an opportunity to do what interests me—inside my home and outside as well. My deficiencies and my capacities are my own—not those of my sex. Having come from under the pressure to perform imposed tasks I have gained both freedom and eagerness in the work I do. Since I no longer have to work, I am no longer lazy; since I am not disapproved of, I am not angry. I have traded my sense of exhilarating defiance (shall we call it feminism?) for an assurance of free and unimpeded self-expression (or shall we call that feminism?). In other words, I have grown up.

Egypt

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Look, it is Egypt in my soul today,
A geometric, pyramided calm;
Death's neatness is the necessary way,
To measure and to build and to embalm.

This desert is a staring, mute mosaic
Laid dryly out in death and stone and heat.
The only human face is flat, archaic,
And sand has hid the futile hands and feet.

But sometimes there were water-boys calling,
Singing the Water-Song along the Nile.
It was a soft song and like water falling,
And I may hear it in a little while.

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Kansas College Has Its Fling

By HARBOR ALLEN

STUDENTS who criticize their professors, object to faculty censorship of their publications, write favorable reviews of Cabell and Cather, quote Bernard Shaw and *The Nation*, and demand a modicum of self-government are agents of Soviet Russia: it has been so decreed by the administration of the Kansas City, Missouri, Junior College. After expelling five students for publishing the *Sacred Cow*, a weekly paper, President E. M. Bainter announced: "This is part of a nation-wide movement of the Reds to wreck our educational institutions." Clarence O. Senior, an alumnus who sought legal aid for the expelled students, was accused of being a "paid organizer" for the Reds.

When the faculty censorship board and the staff of the weekly *Collegian* failed to reach an agreement over certain censored articles, the university president announced that the staff had been dissolved. The faculty censors had stated flatly that a student publication must not criticize the school authorities, and that Willa Cather's and Cabell's novels must not be reviewed. The Student Council then boldly voted to abolish the *Collegian* on the ground that a severely censored "student" journal was just expensive waste paper. At the same time a faculty committee emasculated the constitution drawn up by the council for student self-government, although the constitution in question proposed nothing more startling than to place the control of extra-curricular activities in the hands of the students, to be subject to faculty control only when the students "by overt acts indicate their incapability."

In the midst of the subsequent hubbub the *Sacred Cow* made its first appearance, proclaiming free speech and free press. It drew its name from the "sacred cow" of the college: the faculty "to whom all must bow in worship." In its columns appeared all the articles barred from the more sacrosanct columns of the *Collegian*, including the reviews of "The Professor's House" and "The Silver Stallion," an excerpt from *The Nation* on The American College and Its Rulers, and a letter from the president of the council rebuking the faculty for its suppressive measures. In addition the *Sacred Cow* brazenly published Wendell Phillips's opinion on free speech, cited the action of President Glenn Frank of Wisconsin in refusing to oust an editor for attacking the dry laws, and observed of the address of a Congregational minister that it was "the type usually given before a group of high-school students rather than before college students, who are supposed to be of superior intelligence. College students in the main are not interested in the number of times 'Red' Grange practiced."

A review in the second number intimated that Cabell lets the "institutions of marriage and religion come in for a great share of ridicule." As for faculty members: "There are some who merit the highest praise—but there are others. The disagreeable members are placed in practically all the key positions of faculty-student relations. They are placed where their presence will be most obnoxious to the student body, because they stand as a bulwark against progressive student initiative." And from Bernard Shaw the *Sacred Cow* drew this: "If the students of America do not organize their own education, they will not get any. In forming Intellectual Soviets and establishing the Dictatorship of the Learner, the American students may save their country—if it is capable of being saved."

The five editors of the *Sacred Cow* were—by special-delivery letters—summarily dismissed from the college and the Student Council was dissolved. The editors' efforts to defend themselves were brushed aside as "mere quibbling." One of them immediately capitulated and wrote the abject apology demanded by the president and the Kansas City Board of Education. Apologies from the other four, less cringing, were rejected. Given a second chance under threat of permanent expulsion, three of these four sent in letters suspiciously alike. All were convinced of the error of their revolt. All had experienced profound inward changes and had come to realize how mistaken was their judgment of the faculty and the administration. "I now understand the futility, the absurdity of trying to think out independently a line of conduct for myself," wrote one of the quondam rebels. "I am too young, too impulsive, too immature." "Any attempt by the students of Junior College to run their own education would be foolish and would undoubtedly result in failure," recanted another who had talked of the "dictatorship of the learner." The third could only attribute his former attitude to his "youth, inexperience, and overdeveloped ego."

All these were taken back into the fold. Despite temporary aberrations, they had convinced the Board of Education that they were fit children for an American college. The Board of Education, incidentally, in an open letter to the President made itself painfully plain on the relative position of faculty and students:

> You and your faculty are held responsible for all activities connected with the Junior College, curricular and extra curricular. . . . To accord such a privilege (the control of extra-curricular activities) to students and to permit them to undertake to organize, administer, and carry out some of the most important functions connected with a public institution of learning is revolutionary, and that beneficial results may be obtained from such a procedure is contrary to all human experience.

One of the recreant editors, Gerald Fling by name, stubbornly refused to consider himself so young, foolish, and immature that he could not formulate his own judgments or his own line of conduct. "Fling," he was warned by the Superintendent of Schools, I. I. Cammack, "you are dangerous. A man with your opinions belongs in Russia."

To a friend this dangerous student writes:

> Read the statements of the students who were readmitted and you will better understand the state of conditions in Junior College: how student opinion is muzzled; how student government is denied; how controversial matters—military training, socialism, etc.—are not allowed on bulletin boards, even though pains are taken to see that both sides are fairly presented; how teachers are muzzled and, through fear of losing their jobs, subscribe to "economic determinism"; how the board asserts that it will get rid of teachers possessing liberal opinions; how noted liberal speakers are not allowed to address the students; how, when students rebel, they are clubbed into submission by fear of a dishonorable dismissal; how President Bainter maintains an espionage system by which any student guilty of "radical" or liberal views is proscribed and is subsequently asked to leave because of "cuts" or "low grades."

Gerald Fling is still sticking to his guns and he is still barred from Kansas City Junior College. How the Board of Education damned itself and the American college when it decreed: "Fling, you are dangerous."

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Good Old Bill Vare

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, December 24

NEW records for humbuggery promise to be hung up in the Senate as a result of the cases of Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania and Mr. Smith of Illinois. Contests over Senatorial seats always evoke a display of unctuous hypocrisy upon the part of the party in power. Senators carefully comb the poor old Constitution to find reasons to conceal the practical political motives that control their vote. Invariably there is vast posturing and posing but in the end the decision is not on the evidence or the facts but almost exclusively on a partisan basis. There are some Senators unmoved in matters of this sort by political considerations, but not many. The majority on both sides never get away from the purely political aspect.

By the time this is printed the militant Mr. Smith with his odoriferous credentials from his smelly Illinois Governor may have been, as is now indicated, enthusiastically ejected by the Senate on the broad ground of general political turpitude—with Jim Watson acting as one of the most enthusiastic of the ejectors. That, when it is considered in the red light of the recent Indiana campaign and the unkind allegations against the noble James along with his general reputation, is not without its element of rollicking humor. Or Mr. Smith may have failed to present himself for the well-advertised kick in the pants or he may when this appears be still desperately trying to dodge the Senatorial boot. In any event it will not be the end of his case. Both he and the high-minded Mr. Vare will be beating on the doors of the Senate early in March if there is a special session or early in December if there is not.

The really interesting thing about the fights of these two Republican Senators elect, charged with having corruptly obtained their nominations; the thing that justified the statement made at the beginning of this article; the thing that ought to be understood before the great Constitutional lawyers start in to beat their breasts and rave about the "vanishing rights of the States" and the iniquitous direct primary which subjects pure and patriotic men to the unjust suspicion of trying to buy their way in whereas all they wanted to do was to show their hearts to be in the right place—that thing is the simple fact that the Republican machine leaders have determined to make Mr. Smith the goat in order to save Mr. Vare if they can. In this more or less laudable movement will be enlisted the full support of the Mellon-Coolidge Administration. It is doubtful whether they will be able to put over the Vare part of this program, but there is no doubt at all that they intend to try. The reasons are perfectly clear. In the first place arguments of the inside Republican organization for keeping Vare are far stronger than those for helping Smith. It is Mr. Smith's hard luck that he is nothing like the politically potent person in the Illinois machine Mr. Vare is in Pennsylvania. It is true that if both Vare and Smith are thrown out they would be succeeded by Republicans and there would be no party loss in the Senate. It would be possible therefore for regular and righteous Republicans, of the Fess type for example, to vote against both without helping the Democrats—which from the Fess standpoint nothing could justify. Here, then, is the rare chance to be both right and regular and there is little doubt, if left to themselves, that most Republican Senators, sweeping aside the fine-spun Constitutional arguments of the brilliant Beck, would vote against Vare as unctuously as against Smith. Both cases are equally ugly, and there remains in the Senate mind a still vivid memory of the amazing mortality among Senators who supported the unfortunate Newberry—a dreadful political tight-wad when stacked up beside this pair of free-handed spenders.

However, there exists a powerful political reason for saving Vare. Peace, it is declared, has been made between the factions of the party in Pennsylvania—between the Vare machine on the one side and the Mellon-Grundy-Reed machine on the other. By the terms of this peace it is asserted Mr. Vare's seat in the Senate is practically underwritten. If he is thrown out he will come back, but the Reed-Mellon-Grundy faction is to do its noble best to keep him from being thrown out. This means, of course, that Senator David A. Reed is to make the fight to give Vare his seat. If he is successful then Vare and his Philadelphia machine will support Senator Reed in the 1928 primaries for renomination and "go along" with the Mellon machine in the matter of delegates to the national convention. If he should be unseated, then Reed and Vare will run together two years hence, each supporting the other. Of their simultaneous success under such circumstances in primary and general elections there could be no question. Of course what this involves is support for Mr. Vare in his Senate contest by the benign but partisan Mr. Mellon, who is politically guided and represented by Mr. Reed, and that involves the support of the equally partisan but more cunning and cautious Mr. Coolidge whose third-term aspirations are vitally linked up with Pennsylvania. Thus in its conservative, under-cover way the whole Administration will be back of Vare when the time comes. But not back of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith is the goat. It is recognized that it will be easier for Republican Senators to vote for Mr. Vare if they are allowed to vote against Mr. Smith. That is what they are preparing to do, justifying it on the ground that Smith accepted money from the wicked traction magnate whose rates he was supposed to regulate, whereas all good old Bill Vare's friends did was to spend $800,000 for him in the primaries and cheat a little in the general election—really a mere trifle. The plan is to heave Mr. Smith out as morally unfit, but to find a good Constitutional excuse for keeping Vare in. If that does not beat the humbug record, what does?

In the Driftway

NEW YEAR'S resolutions, like New Year's calls and New Year's egg-nog, are going out of fashion. Perhaps it is just as well. Now that the egg-nog is served on the last night of the year, it is a comfort to be able to sleep through the ensuing afternoon, instead of having to wake up and drink more egg-nog in the presence of friends and acquaintances. But the Drifter, always old-fashioned, has made a few resolves, and as a result he, and not his up-to-date contemporaries, will be able to enjoy the pleasurable sense of sin attendant on breaking them.

* * * * *

FIRST, he will be brave. When invited to make a speech or attend a reception for a prominent foreigner just awarded the Keys of the City, or to dine or drink tea or eat

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breakfast for the purpose not of sociability but of meeting someone, he will not reply cravenly that he is about to leave town, or that his aunt has typhoid fever, or that he is suffering from rabies, or some other transparent and unoriginal lie. No. From January first forward, his answer will be as follows: "Dear Sir or Madam: I will not attend your dull party, not because I am not perfectly free at that time and physically able to come but because I would much rather stay home."

* * * * *

SECOND, he will not hurry. If he should enter a subway station as a train is pulling in he will turn his back to it and stroll quietly to the end of the platform. If by running he can just cross Fifth Avenue before the traffic lights change he will dally on the curb instead. He will not even try to be on time for appointments, nor arrive breathless and apologetic with some trumped-up excuse when inevitably he is late. On moving stairways (this reform should perhaps come under his first resolve instead of this one) he will not run upstairs merely because persons behind him want to run; on the contrary, he will plant himself firmly and comfortably on a step and will *ride* up, as the inventor of this particular device certainly intended him to do, paying no attention to the cries of the line pressing him from behind.

* * * * *

THIRD, he will not be influenced by public opinion, even by public and forcibly expressed derision. Thus, if some one belligerently inquires if he has read the latest novel or exposé of political scandal he will confidently and loudly answer: "I have not, nor have I any intention of doing so." To the scornful sniffs provoked by this intransigence he will be deaf. If at a week-end party in the country his fellow-guests demand that he go skating, he will move his chair nearer the fire and prop his feet higher above his head, without even the trouble of a refusal. He will sleep late or rise early, as the spirit moves him; he will work at midnight or at noon or not at all, without regard for the raised eyebrows or incredulous hoots of his associates. He will, in short, spend the year 1927 in making himself as disagreeable to other persons as he can and as agreeable to himself. He will do as he likes—until something unforeseen occurs to make him break his resolutions.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Find Out if You Can

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers will be interested in the following letter recently received from Ellen La Motte.

New York, December 20 JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

DEAR JULIA: Things look bad to me in the opium world—the Opium Bloc, of which Lord Cecil is spokesman, is doing its best to get that Geneva Convention ratified. If ratified, the whole situation will be handed over to a Board of Control or Central Board, members of which will be appointed by the League, after which event they will function alone, without public sessions. The Italian delegate at the Fifth Committee of the Assembly this past September strongly protested against the League handing the opium situation over to this board, saying that it was a highly dangerous thing to do. He seemed to think that the League, intrusted with the enforcement of the Hague Convention, was slipping out of its treaty obligations. He further stated that this board was to be composed of countries the majority of which had large financial stakes in opium production, drug manufacture, and consumption—that it would be a "packed" committee, undiluted, or practically so, by countries which can view the opium situation in other terms than those of financial interests. Lord Cecil, however, carried the Fifth Committee into indorsing a resolution urging the Assembly to support the Geneva Convention—to ask the states members of the League to indorse this convention at Geneva. Which the Assembly did. As this Geneva Convention does nothing about production, manufacture, or smoking, presumably the League likes these things to continue. Certainly the opium interests like it that way. And this Central Board, whose function is to watch opium and drugs traveling from one country to another, can probably watch the transit with equanimity. Their reports, handed in three months after each meeting, *may* be misleading. At any rate, what good is this Central Board except to tip off the insiders? And why are the opium-profiting countries so dead keen on it? And how comes the League to be delegating its authority to a packed committee like this? ELLEN

Freedom from Americans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The continuous cry from Filipinos of all classes for "independence" is, when sifted down, less a cry for independence from America than from Americans.

Not all the Americans in the Philippines are roughnecks. There is a considerable group of young American business men of education and there is a much smaller group of earnest Americans in the service of the Philippine government. These people do their work and are largely inarticulate. The business men have but few Filipino contacts that count, while the lips of government officials are better sealed for obvious reasons. But a large group of American business men, many of whom came to Manila as soldiers in the Spanish-American War, are most noisy and offensive about their "rights." They seem to feel that because they helped take this country away from Spain the Filipinos should be undyingly grateful to them for staying on, making money, and being condescending. They make bad feeling between Americans and Filipinos. A Filipino who has been met with courtesy and sympathy by America's best at home wants independence from this sort of American in the Philippines.

One of the leading American papers of Manila "kids" the Filipinos because they are small, because they are brown, because they are politicians, because they are house servants, because they are peasants, because they eat rice and fish, because they ask for independence, because their English is poor, because they are lawyers instead of farmers and merchants, because, finally, they are not Americans of the same unpleasant type as the editorial writer. This paper, a daily insult, nurses an enormous amount of Filipino hatred of Americans.

Filipinos of birth, education, and breeding are acceptable to Americans similarly qualified for the same reason that intelligent people the world over can mingle profitably. It is when people of different caste, as well as race, mingle that the trouble begins. The Americans who understand and sympathize with the articulate Filipinos are unfortunately inarticulate; they do not go about writing for publication and making speeches. If they did they would undoubtedly be attacked as un-American by the ex-soldiers and carpet-baggers who think that offensive provincialism proves allegiance to America.

Naturally the Filipinos want to be rid of such Americans. Some of the most thoughtful Filipino leaders hope for some such relation between the United States and the Philippines as exists between England and Canada. Home rule would not banish all undesirable Americans, but it might be made to act as a muzzle.

Manila, P. I., November 1 GWINNE TREGO NATHORST

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Books and Plays

Praise of Diana

By GLADYS OAKS

No more the young Diana whom he knew
With golden limbs on paradisal hills,
Laughing a little at the red that spills
Down the white arrow that her fingers drew. . . .

But she would run from him to other skies,
New hunting grounds that darkened in the south,
Then back with tired feet and eager mouth—
And with his mounting heart the moon would rise.

Where nights are counted as our minutes fall
She married him a thousand years ago.
She waits for him with clustered children now,
A faithful woman aging by a wall.
The fleet, the proud Diana—she is dead;
And does he bless the wifehood of his bed?

First Glance

THE poems of James Rorty, appearing singly in magazines during the past half-dozen years, have impressed me chiefly on the score of their movement. The quality of movement is in itself of the first importance to poetry, and Mr. Rorty's sinewy rhythms, running their rapid course through series of long or short lines, through rhyme or free verse, have seemed to me sufficient reason for calling their manipulator one of the most interesting poets in America. Whatever else the poems had to recommend them, or whatever they lacked, they stepped out; they were rousing. Now, after a delay which is difficult to understand, they appear in a volume called "Children of the Sun and Other Poems" (Macmillan: $1.75); and it is possible to speak of other important qualities which they have. It is possible, for instance, to say where in Mr. Rorty they come from, and what they are about.

All of them, from the longest and loudest, What Michael Said to the Census Taker, down to the shortest and softest, Entry to the Desert, have the same scene—the earth below, the sky above, and man between. It is a large scene, and by no means a new one, yet Mr. Rorty makes it very much his own and never departs from a highly personal method of looking at it—or of hearing it make noise. Mr. Rorty feels the physical universe as keenly and freshly as any poet does these days, and has as much power to bring that universe close to the reader. He brings it there, however, for a purpose: to remind men how little they deserve such a setting. I do not mean to place Mr. Rorty among the "nature poets," among those poets, that is to say, who moon over the superior moral virtues of clouds and seas. I am sure that his first interest, like his last, was in man; he feeds no morals into nature. But it cannot be without purpose that he has so insistently sung of the feebleness and absurdity of the human creature as he struts under the morning. Mr. Rorty rings the great bell of dawn, or calls upon the flowers, or invokes the fog, or magnifies the moon in order that we shall know how excellent these are, and how freely they go about their business. Our lack of strength, our fear of freedom—these are Mr. Rorty's subjects, and he has treated them as a poet should treat them, by making his verse both strong and free. He has treated them also—and this is perhaps the chief distinction of the present volume—with an erect and moving humor. It is seldom that satire is conveyed in such beautiful verse, seldom that beautiful verse is made to chortle and bustle as does the verse in When We Dead Awaken, The Day, Mr. Nevinson Arrives by Moonlight, California Dissonance, and Sunday Morning. Mr. Rorty in one page can rouse to shame, to laughter, and to delight.

Mr. Rorty's one specific defect will, I fancy, disappear in future volumes. This is a tendency, when he is at the crest of a rhythmical wave, to forget how scrupulous he can be with words and slide off into sheer eloquence. The outward sign is generally a mixture of metaphors, none of which is sufficiently original with Mr. Rorty. The inward sign he doubtless knows and has already conquered.

MARK VAN DOREN

Editor-Politician

Horace Greeley. By Don C. Seitz. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

MR. SEITZ has written most entertainingly and with intelligence and courage about the men and events of our American Victorian period. He has recreated in his latest book the political atmosphere which, being overcharged with hate, suspicion, and fear after the Mexican War, released the spiritual lightning which became the Civil War. The Horace Greeley whom Mr. Seitz has created moves amid the confusion, malice, and greedy ambitions of his day in the forties and fifties, a baffled hero. Mr. Seitz has not made a bronze statue for the park; rather he has pictured an earnest man, more than reasonably honest, whose intelligence is directed rather by his courage than by the insight which should come from wide information. The author has not made a god but instead "the busiest and boldest editor in America" during the forty years of his career.

The influence of Greeley during those years upon a small provincial country with most of the population located within a two-days' trip of the front door of the New York *Tribune* office was tremendous. He used that influence courageously even though he was unquestionably afflicted with ambition which biased his courage. The Greeley whom Don Seitz makes in his book is essentially an agitator. Greeley was never a constructive statesman, but he aroused emotions in the popular heart which did mold events and did make history. We see in this book a soft, shrill-voiced, moon-faced, pudgy little man, physically and morally leonine in his courage, who heroizes himself a bit, pities himself a little, assumes the king-maker, and does in truth play a Warwick's game. But we see also how out of the hates that men harbored during the first half of the century, how out of sectional greeds having their basis in economic conditions, passions were stirred which led in some kind of inexorable tragic Greek procession to the cataclysm of Civil War. Reading Mr. Seitz's book, in which history is dramatized around this editor-politician, one sees how futile the war was, how unnecessary if there had been wisdom where there was ambition, if there had been a sincere national desire to settle the slavery question rather than to cherish it as a political issue for the benefit of the politicians of the North and South.

The reader of Don Seitz's "Greeley," seeing his hero blunder and fail so many times under his tremendous responsibility, is saddened by the overwhelming knowledge that sincerity is not enough in statesmanship, that courage is not enough in statesmanship, that even the unusual honesty that Greeley used

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is not enough in statesmanship. One realizes that to overcome the passions of men which arise when ambitions meet and grapple with vast self-interests only the wisdom of a demigod can keep men out of war. The thing Don Seitz has done in this book most beautifully is to show quite casually and without moralizing how easily, indeed how inevitably, self-interest tempts politicians to trade humanity's advantage for their own preferment. This life is a tragedy, not the tragedy of Greeley but the tragedy of America—walking blindly through "the irrepressible conflict" which comes, with the economic differences between the North and the South, to be the bloodiest war the world had seen before, the American Civil War! With a fine repression, with a splendid refusal to be melodramatic in piling up detail, Mr. Seitz has written his story of this tragedy as though he were not conscious of it. He has detached himself from the passions of the day and has set them down as the coloring of his pageant, and has moved the puppets of his pageant, Greeley, Seward, Lincoln, Douglas, with a calm hand, forward into the terrible holocaust which overwhelmed them.

So Don Seitz has made a book that is easy to read, a delightful book on the whole, yet not a book which those who believe in highly moral tales will enjoy. Nor is it a book which those will approve who believe that this is merely a mechanistic universe and that pure chance guides human destiny in its great decisions. One closes this book with a sense that man some way, some day, will solve the problem of his destiny on this planet, will civilize himself in the mass as he has to some extent civilized himself individually. Seeing here set down the play of these titanic forces with which Greeley, Lincoln, Seward, and Douglas struggled so impotently, so blindly, and yet so honestly and so bravely, one realizes that just a little more wisdom, a little more foresight, a little more vision in understanding hearts would have choked the hates which made the Civil War and solved without the war some of the problems which the war so compromised. Don Seitz has done his country a service if only a thousand of his countrymen turn to his story and read it wisely.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Poe Again

Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe. By Hervey Allen. George H. Doran Company. Two volumes. $10.

Edgar Allan Poe. By Mary E. Phillips. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE two works here under review aggregate some 2,600 pages and constitute an impressive monument to the persistence of human curiosity. When Poe died in 1849 such brief accounts of his life as were already in existence or were called forth by his death were wrong in nearly every important particular. He himself had lied elaborately with deliberate intent to conceal the truth, and at least until a very short time ago those in possession of essential documents kept them closely guarded. It was not until he had been dead for more than half a century that Woodberry first discovered the whole lost chapter of his life in the army, not until a few years ago that Killis Campbell first conclusively proved that Poe's story of a romantic expedition to Europe (invented in order to conceal his service as a private soldier) was unadulterated fiction, and not until last fall that letters of absolutely capital importance were first released for publication. Every biographer has had to struggle with contradictions and concealments, and nearly every new fact has had to be won at the cost of laborious investigation. Yet so persistent has the quest been, and so eager the reception of every addition to our knowledge, that when Professor Campbell, searching the voluminous papers of the firm of Ellis and Allan, discovered that at a certain date the infant Edgar had suffered from a children's disease the fact was duly recorded in the pages of a learned journal. Neither the shifty prevarication of poor Poe, desperately ashamed of the outwardly sordid details of his career, nor the stubborn squeamishness of those connected in one way or another with him has availed against the equally stubborn persistence of scholars, and it is now possible for Mr. Allen to say in the preface to his biography: "There is no longer any necessity for talking about 'the Poe mystery,' indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that there are few other literary figures whose personal life is so fully documented." Poe's character and genius are both still mysteries, but we now know as much of the outward events of his career as there is any necessity for knowing.

Both of the present works are the result of great labor and both contain much information, a portion of which is new and a portion of which is, at least, not conveniently available in the pages of any other one book. Unfortunately, however, Miss Phillips's complete lack both of a critical sense and of any capacity for the arrangement of material renders her work nearly useless for any except those scholars who will employ it as they would employ any miscellaneous collection of documents. Mr. Allen, on the other hand, in spite of the extremely detailed character of his treatment, possesses sufficient sense of form to render his book readable. He has completely synthesized all previously known facts, he has added some details of his own, and, thanks to his labors, we are able to follow step by step the movements of Poe with an exactitude which leaves little to be desired.

It is to biography in the narrowest sense of the word that Mr. Allen has devoted himself. All criticism is definitely eschewed, and even character analysis is subordinated to objective narration. Obviously an admirer of Poe, he nevertheless makes few excuses for the more questionable incidents in his hero's career, and he appears to accept the theories which I advanced in my own study of Poe both in regard to the influence of the apparently psychic inhibition of his sexual impulses and in regard to the role which the exhibition of his powers of "ratiocination" played in his efforts to maintain his neurotic sense of superiority. But his chief concern is with outward events, and to these he devotes himself. The result is a work which will definitely supersede Woodberry's as the standard factual biography and which performs its task so well that for many years to come no similar work will be necessary. To the psychologist and to the critic he has left an open field, to the biographer little useful to do.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Rodin and Modern Art

Personal Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin. By Anthony M. Ludovici. J. B. Lippincott and Company. $3.

THE legendary figure of Rodin, as the Michelangelo of our days, has grown hugely since his death in the confusion of war time. The recent gift of an elegantly housed Rodin collection to the city of Philadelphia and the steady flow of hero-worshiping books by his admirers are indications of the vitality of that popular legend. Meanwhile the judgment of artists is divided; a few academicians still shudder at his "sadistic distortions," and the radicals commonly ignore him as the last writhe of a dying Hellenistic tradition.

These memoirs of an uncomfortable year as private secretary to the sculptor have no surprising revelations to offer; but they do good service in helping replace the fictitious Titan with a human being, likable for his rough honesty, keen discourse, and fresh enthusiasms, yet at close range often domineering and childishly vain. "It is never an easy task," Mr. Ludovici remarks, "to be associated, except on terms of equality, with a man of genius. . . . I found it impossible in the long run to maintain that attitude of unflinching sympathy, tolerance, and devotion . . . which he certainly did obtain from many of the women friends that surrounded him."

The chapters on Rodin as an artist are illuminating in their description of his aims and methods, but absurdly exaggerated in their estimate of his importance. All of modern art except Rodin's, from impressionism to cubism, is denounced as "puritanical and negative" because it has neglected the faithful

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portrayal of humanity (art's highest duty) and gone in for mere design—arrangements of color, line, and mass that lack subject interest, and therefore (for Mr. Ludovici) all interest. As evaluation this is unsound because based on the author's personal inability to enjoy design; but it points to a real difference, often ignored, between Rodin's motive for "distorting" and that of the younger modernists in sculpture. In distorting to secure a striking design of planes and masses, they are going back to certain archaic and primitive traditions (especially the Egyptian and Negro) with which Mr. Ludovici is apparently unfamiliar. They learn, too, from the Gothic, which he mistakenly interprets as stressing living movement rather than design. Rodin, he rightly shows, distorted to gain more vivid expression of physical life and emotion, and thus carried a step farther the late Greek and Renaissance tendencies. But in trying to seize the momentary aspects of things, the ripples and shadows of a changing surface, Rodin followed not only the late Greeks but those very impressionists whom the author condemns, and in the attempt he lost the monumental strength that his early works derived from Michelangelo. His masses became flaccid and shapeless, and unity of structure was swept away, in the feverish struggle to express in stone vague strivings and evanescent dreams for which that medium is hopelessly unsuited. The result is failure from the standpoint of adequate expression or integrated form. How could Rodin, or anyone else, have achieved the "success" which Mr. Ludovici claims for him in the self-contradictory task of "freeing the plastic medium from the limitations inherent in it"? The leaders in present-day sculpture frankly recognize the essential limits and possibilities of their medium, and try to utilize rather than escape from it. Yet, even in partial failure, Rodin is a more heroic figure than most of his modernist successors, who have found an easy road to trivial success through turning marble into neat mechanical patterns.

THOMAS MUNRO

Feats of Fancy

The Orphan Angel. By Elinor Wylie. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Charwoman's Shadow. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Alexander and Three Small Plays. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
The Music from Behind the Moon. By James Branch Cabell. The John Day Company. $6.

MISS WYLIE has achieved two difficult feats, one of which would seem worth double the pains to have avoided. This —the other being to confer upon the lamented Percy Bysshe Shelley an extended lease of life spent adventuring in the United States of 1822—was to resuscitate the unregretted narrative manner of the same period. One finds, accordingly, Miss Wylie being intermittently refined, being sarcastic at the expense of her own characters, being sentimental, being vivacious, approaching the boundary of archness; one wades through the observations of a comic relief and foil for Shelley, the egregious David Butternut; one hopes that honest fellow, who believed Portsmouth to be in Vermont, was equally misinformed as to the locutions to be expected of one born in the State of Maine. The story is a beautiful creation, an adventure in understanding which no amount of research could have seen through without some genuine sympathy with its subject's temper; in the writer's opinion it has been sacrificed to pastiche.

It may not have been sodden stupidity on the part of the reading public that accounted for the complete commercial failure of Dunsany's first two novels; it was not any degree of intelligence or taste; whatever it was, no different fate is likely to befall "The Charwoman's Shadow"—their shadow also in point of likeness as to color and substance. The Messrs. Putnam are to be commended for continuing to act on their recognition of work which should be published and the public be damned; one hopes they will yet be rewarded; yet if the fire, gold, laughter, music, and moonlight of "Don Rodriguez: Chronicles of Shadow Valley" could pass unnoticed, what is to be done? "The Charwoman's Shadow" is a monograph on shades and their magic and the black art in general; its scene is Spain again, this time at the end of the Golden Age and two generations after Rodriguez. It is to be observed, first that it is wholly delightful, then that it shows a distinct dilution of fancy and lessening of vitality as compared with "The King of Elf-Land's Daughter," just as that lovely drowsy tale did when read after Don Rodriguez. Such comparisons between works of art would gladly be foregone were they not inevitable where so superlative a standard has been established at the outset. Less compunction is felt on filing a return of *nulla bona* as to the collection of plays. As to "Alexander (The Great)" alone, it is difficult to predict that on the boards its lack of any particular idea will be noted in the face of its visual and atmospheric effectiveness. As to the playlets, one is nearly a self-parody on a favorite theme: "Don't Laugh, It May Be True"; one a faintly fatuous hymn to discouragement; one a portentously absurd conceit of Watt foreseeing the horrors of his industrial age, to an obligato of Satanic laughter. A melancholy array.

Mr. Cabell's brief and exquisite allegory expresses in compact form several of his previous observations on life and some of his literary philosophy. It is not for the first time, and one hopes not for the last, that his young man has his love through superhuman exploits only to find that she now shuts from him rather than conducts as before the music he supposed emanated from her very person; the music which indeed may have been no more than his own worthiest imagining. The book as concisely illustrates its author's consummate craftsmanship in the telling of stories and the happy concatenation of words, his wry humor, his soaring and probably inexhaustible invention, for all of which gifts the writer thanks him or whomever he himself would thank; it exhibits no less clearly his incurable didacticism, his occasional but inevitable unlovely snicker, his lapses—especially where he cannot but hit out at contemporary figures or idiocies unworthy his printed record—from the ironic to the sarcastic plane; in spite of all which the writer will continue eagerly to read him without hope of surprise or fear of disappointment.

ABBE NILES

The Farmer Today

The Expansion of Rural Life. By James Mickel Williams. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
Handbook of Rural Social Resources. Edited by Henry Israel and Benson Y. Landis. University of Chicago Press. $2.
Needed Readjustments in Rural Life. University of Chicago Press. $2.

CONTRARY to common belief, the farmer has regularly been dominated by the subjective rather than the objective. In spite of his working constantly with things rather than ideas, his beliefs and attitudes have been determined by traditional religion, by theories of education, by ancient agricultural beliefs. And the typical book dealing with the farmer and rural life proceeds in the same way. It fits rural life to a theory, a pattern, instead of building theories and patterns on actual examination of rural conditions and the rural mind.

The only important exceptions to this method among the works that I know are the two books of James Mickel Williams, "Our Rural Heritage," published a year or so ago, and its sequel, "The Expansion of Rural Life," just issued. The former dealt with the period up to 1874, during which rural conditions determined the course of American theory and life. The latter book treats of the period from 1874 to today. The author's method in gathering his material offers an illuminating contrast with the usual type of rural investigation. The typical "student of rural life" surveys the United States—and sometimes France, Germany, and Scandinavia as well—in six months, and arrives at the anticipated conclusions. Mr. Williams for more than

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twenty years has studied the history and social psychology of a single rural community in the State of New York. He has not, of course, used this community alone. He has used it as a norm, with frequent comparisons with other communities.

"The Expansion of Rural Life" presents as vivid and realistic a picture as did its predecessor. Its conclusions are the necessary outgrowth of the author's minute study. They will be subject to future modification, but only on the basis of investigation similar to that which Mr. Williams has made. The book is the best published study of the gradually changing psychology of the farmer under modern conditions. Family life, religion, education, intellectual attitudes, political views, the cooperative movement are presented with a wealth of illustrative detail. Mr. Williams is not only a profound research scholar but a wise, tolerant observer of humanity.

The "Handbook of Rural Social Resources," edited for the American Country Life Association and the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches, will prove useful to any observer of rural life. Fourteen articles of varying merit, ranging in subject from rural art to farm credit, are followed by a section embodying the programs of national agencies engaged in rural social work. The lack of adequate bibliographical references is unfortunate, since the book cannot treat its subjects exhaustively and many of its readers will be persons untrained in hunting up such data.

"Needed Readjustments in Rural Life" consists of the proceedings of the American Country Life Conference held in 1925 in Richmond, Virginia. The volume is as dull as the stenographic reports of most meetings—possibly duller, because this convention was devoted largely to perfecting the technique of what is called "the discussion method" of carrying on a conference. The published comment of E. C. Lindeman, chief proponent of this method, will enable any reader to decide whether he will be either informed or thrilled by the book:

> I had a feeling this morning that in our little group—and I have it here now—at last, out of many of these confusions, and sometimes differences which amounted to antagonistic feeling, there is being born in this group a desire to be not only friendly with each other, not only to understand and comprehend all of the various points and approaches, but there seems to be in this group now, there seems to have developed in the last four or five hours, a really spiritual kind of unity. If we only had the time now, I think we could do something quite glorious, quite adventurous, quite new and fresh for the American Country Life Association.

Romantic, I call it. NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

The Russian Hamlet

Turgenev. The Man, His Art, and His Age. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. The Century Company. $4.

A STUDY like Mr. Yarmolinsky's is a challenge to those who insist that relating a writer's personality and his experience to his books may be interesting, but is not literary criticism. There are the novels. Why go behind them? In Turgenev's case no one has gone behind them in any systematic and scholarly way. This biography is the first in any language. In the absence of efforts to link related phenomena in his life and his art, certain mistaken notions have become the battered coinage of criticism. His own explanation of the premature death of Bazarov, his strongest character, has been accepted: that this nihilist was "doomed to perish because he was only on the threshold of the future." But Mr. Yarmolinsky suggests that Turgenev killed Bazarov off in obedience less to a law of that man's nature than to a law of his own nature; that "he could never quite bring himself to crown the work of his characters with success, or to grant them that sense of accomplishment which he had never fully tasted himself." Yet Turgenev has always been considered among the most objective of novelists; and so the frustration, futility, and incapacity for action so marked in his heroes have been assumed to be typical Russian traits.

The Russian Hamlet has had as strong a hold on the popular imagination as that mystic Slav soul which we owe largely to sentimentalized, selective versions of Dostoevsky's life and fiction. Biographical data have been recently clearing up the mists around Dostoevsky and the Slav soul. Mr. Yarmolinsky is fairly safe now in contrasting Turgenev, the "meek pagan," with Dostoevsky, the "vicious Christian," in the chapter devoted to the quarrel between the two artists. The mists around the Russian Hamlet—so far as Turgenev is responsible for him—are almost dissipated by this biography. Anyone, Danish or Russian or what you will, with a mother like Turgenev's, is cast for the stellar role in "Hamlet." It is true that as a novelist Turgenev was studiously objective in intention. Like his mother, whose letters reveal her as an acute observer with a gift of pithy expression, he was alert to every aspect of the sensible world. "His mind, nevertheless, was a mind that turned inward. He lived, like a character in one of his early works, in a room walled with mirrors, and created most of his heroes in his own image." Bazarov, the apparent exception, is "in some respects a fulfilment of Turgenev's day-dream of the self he vainly longed to be."

The deepest quality of a work of art, as Henry James said, is the quality of the mind of its producer. Broaden the conception of mind to include all those outlying twilight regions that were still unexplored when James made this remark, and one will be in a position to grasp the deepest quality of Turgenev's work. It is the special distinction of Mr. Yarmolinsky's biography that it disengages this quality. There are half a dozen aspects that tempt the reviewer of his complete, illuminating, and—in the final impression—deeply moving study. But the central fact for the understanding of both Turgenev's life and his art is his emotional subjection to two women, his mother and the famous singer, Pauline Viardot. And it is in the telling of this story that the most valuable unpublished material has been drawn upon. What a portrait emerges of the mother! This eccentric and imperious woman, who knew the bitterness of the dissatisfied wife, and the pleasures, tinged with sadism, of the serf-owner, built her emotional life, after her husband's death, upon her children, especially Ivan. Old-fashioned people would say that she broke her son's will. New-fashioned ones will enjoy a Freudian holiday over significant passages in her letters. She addresses her son as "ma chère fille"; she calls herself his father, and says "I alone conceived you." "As your first love was naturally your mother, pale, sallow, nervous, so you are accustomed to love sallow women." He escaped from her dominating presence whenever he could and developed a hatred of self-assertiveness that made him incapable of ever standing up for his rights. To him, as to his heroes, the call to action was the cue for evasion.

He first met Mme Viardot in 1843, some years before his mother's death, and only the withholding of supplies from Russia drew him back from France. It was his mother's misfortune to be passionate without being lovable. It was his misfortune that Mme Viardot was lovable without being passionate. At least she was afraid of passion, except as it could be expressed through her art. She made her relation with Turgenev and with her other admirers what she desired it to be—that of friendship. He came finally to accept the cold comfort of sitting on the edge of another man's nest—a broad and well-cushioned edge. What finally died in him was not his love but the hope of its being returned. This incomplete and wistful liaison, as Mr. Yarmolinsky calls it, lasted until his death, and runs, like a leit-motif, through all his activities and friendships. It furnished him, among other things, with the satisfaction of self-pity, and allowed him "to nurse his sense of unfulfilment and frustration." Mr. Yarmolinsky's convincing and subtle handling of it brings us at the end to complete agreement with the words in his imagined epitaph on Turgenev: "One who knew no fulfilment save in his art." DOROTHY BREWSTER

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Books in Brief

The Log of the Grand Turks. By Robert E. Peabody. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

Yarns from a Windjammer. By Mannin Crane. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

The first of these volumes is built around the fact that within the last 150 years four sailing vessels have borne successively the unusual name Grand Turk. Elias Hasket Derby, a shrewd merchant of Salem, fitted out the original Grand Turk as a privateer in the War of the Revolution, and she piled up money in his counting-house through many rich captures. The same owner sent out the second Grand Turk a number of years later, and she was equally profitable in the early commerce with China. The third Grand Turk was a privateer in the War of 1812; the last a trading schooner in the World War. Mr. Peabody has been as successful in digging historical and nautical gold out of the log books and other records of these four vessels as they themselves were in making hard dollars for their owners. Mr. Crane's volume is written from the log books of his memory, and contains some pleasant reminiscences of sailing-ship days.

The Dark Dawn. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

Our novelists continue their intensive cultivation of the prairie country, and the furrows grow longer if not deeper. "The Dark Dawn" springs from soil which is fairly rich and certainly dependable, and the harvest is romance mixed with tragedy. The characters are strongly drawn and retain their reality until they come to emotional climaxes, when their creator lets down the bars of melodrama. On the whole, a swift-moving and convincing tale.

The Chariot of Fire. By Bernard De Voto. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The groves were God's first temples, and the backwoods were his first camp-meeting grounds. The author has imagined a frontier community of a hundred years ago in the throes of a religious frenzy, and if the story does not yield much butter, it certainly is not from lack of churning. One finds the novel fairly plausible as a study of revivalism, but it fails to capture one's interest as a story.

Introduction to Sally. By "Elizabeth." Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

This novel is written with the courage of its potential readers' convictions, and that is a comfortable majority. The fact that Sally is so dumb as to be uninteresting, if not incredible, and the fact that she is so beautiful as to be incredible, if not uninteresting, is beside the best-seller point. The book is frequently witty, occasionally observant, but rarely real. As for the heroine—well—as the author herself says—"Sally was necessarily dumb."

Jesting Pilate. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

Mr. Huxley travels wisely but not too well. He has a chronic indisposition to accept the world as he explores it, and his objections are voiced—and sustained—in provocative paragraphs. This volume is a record of his observations in India, Burma, and other parts of the Orient, topped off with his reactions to America. It proves to be an adroit blend of sightseeing and soothsaying.

The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog. Edited by Florence Ayscough. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

As was to be expected, Mrs. Ayscough here delivers a great deal of information concerning China; the vehicle she has chosen, however, is her dog—and one is never quite sure of the pertinence of this medium.

Interesting Books of 1926

CHOSEN BY MARK VAN DOREN

Abraham Lincoln. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
Israfel. By Hervey Allen. Doran.
Jefferson. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace.
George Washington. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
Edgar Allan Poe. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Knopf.
The Verdict of Bridlegoose. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace.
The Mauve Decade. By Thomas Beer. Knopf.
Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire. By M. Rostovtzeff. Oxford.
The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper.
The Heart of Emerson's Journals. By Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin.
The Golden Day. By Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright.
Transition. By Edwin Muir. Viking.
Prejudices: Fifth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The Road Round Ireland. By Padraic Colum. Macmillan.
The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. Boni and Liveright.
Children of the Sun. By James Rorty. Macmillan.
The Second Book of Negro Spirituals. By James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson. Viking.
The Great God Brown. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.
The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking.
Palimpsest. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin.
Four Tales by "Zelide." Scribner.
Nize Baby. By Milt Gross. Doran.

Drama

Another Captive

IN "The Silver Cord" (John Golden Theater) Sidney Howard dramatizes a complex and does it more successfully than anyone else has succeeded in doing since Freud first presented the playwright with a new implement of analysis. Two seasons ago there was a series of special matinee performances of a piece called simply "The Complex," which transferred a case history directly to the stage, and this fall the public has been rather unaccountably enthusiastic over the mediocre merits of "The Captive," which uses a phenomenon of abnormal psychology in the construction of a play which is, in every other respect, thoroughly conventional. Mr. Howard, however, has gone much further. Not only has he written a drama in which the conflict is always and consistently a conflict between psychological forces, but he has, in addition, so thoroughly assimilated the point of view of the psychopathologist as to use it successfully for the transvaluation of values. In "The Captive" the lesbian passion of the heroine is merely postulated, never anatomized, and so far as any understanding of the conclusions to be drawn from a recognition of the existence of such passions is concerned it leaves us exactly where we were in the beginning; Mr. Howard, on the other hand, boldly delineates the features of the abnormality with which he is concerned, and in a superb concluding scene he manages, in powerfully dramatic fashion, to confront the conclusions of the scientist with those of the layman. Compared with this, "The Captive" is merely conventional stage carpentry disguised by sensationalism.

The theme of the play is the abnormal devotion of a mother to her sons, and it is treated in a situation which lies upon the borderline between definite neurosis and what would ordinarily be regarded as a mere quirk of character. Victim of a loveless marriage, the mother has transferred the whole of her affection to her two boys and demanded of them the undivided devotion which her dead husband had failed to give her. Disguising her perverted love even from herself under the form of

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maternal solicitude, she has accustomed them to center every thought and desire around her, and neither has ever severed the cord which makes him still part of her. The one, escaping abroad to study, has all but freed himself, while his younger brother, remaining at home, has been reduced to the position of a mere tame cat by the fireside, and when the elder returns he too finds himself once more under the spell of his deadening fixation. His young wife, a research biologist, senses the situation, and the play centers about the struggle between her and the mother for the possession of his soul.

Not only has Mr. Howard maintained the suspense and anatomized the situation with a touch both sure and delicate; he has gradually deepened the tone as the play proceeds so that while it begins as comedy it skirts the edge of tragedy before it reaches its highly dramatic denouement. Forced at last to declare themselves openly as enemies, the two women face each other in a duel for which the son is an unwilling referee. In a speech full of passionate conviction the mother states her case and then the girl, with the cool ruthlessness of intellectual analysis, dissects it bit by bit, exposing the sinister mechanism which sentimentality would hide and insisting upon the cruel fact that affection too much prolonged is mere usurpation. "You," cries the mother, "do not know good from evil." "At least," replies the girl, "I know Life from Death." And with that the case must rest—not only this case but the whole case of rationality versus feeling, the new morality versus the old.

I remember no recent play which has so successfully undertaken to transvaluate values. No subject is more delicate and no subject more commonly held too sacred for examination than the subject of mother love. Yet so skilfully has Mr. Howard conducted his argument and so clearly has he defined the limits of his thesis that even moderately robust spirits will find the piece absorbing rather than offensive; and thus he has not only written a very fine play but won for intelligence the right to exercise itself upon a subject still generally taboo. Nothing which the Theater Guild has produced this season can give it a more legitimate occasion for pride. It has provided an excellent cast—Laura Hope Crews, Margalo Gillmore, Elliot Cabot, Elizabeth Risdon, and Earl Larimore—and it has found a play worthy of their efforts.

Three other recent plays call for some mention. "The Constant Wife" (Maxine Elliott Theater) is an urbane and amusing comedy which W. Somerset Maugham has composed and in which Ethel Barrymore is appearing. It tells the story of a wife who set out to earn her own living in order that she might have a right to commit adultery, and it is—as this synopsis may indicate—rather desperately sophisticated; but a sufficient number of the author's epigrams actually come off to make it entertaining. "The Constant Nymph" (Selwyn Theater), made from the very popular novel of the same name, will, like most pieces so constructed, please most those who read the novel with great delight. Considered merely as a play it is rather too sketchy to be wholly successful. At the Civic Repertory Theater Miss Le Gallienne has added "Twelfth Night" to the already long list of her productions. Though no one would be inclined to call the presentation perfect, she is obviously on the right track in discarding the Victorian tradition which made of this comedy a semi-realistic sentimental play and in presenting it instead as a completely fantastic comedy with conventionalized setting and costume. The performances of Egdon Brecher as Sir Toby and Sayre Crawley as Malvolio are individually very fine.

At the Plymouth Theater substantially the same company which gave such a delightful performance of "Iolanthe" is appearing in an equally delightful one of "The Pirates of Penzance." Nothing at present on Broadway is more emphatically worth seeing.

A correction. Credit for the extraordinary performance of the fanatical priest in "The Witch" should be given to Mr. Erskine Sanford.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Whose Land—Whose Rubber?

By VICENTE G. BUNUAN

THE Filipinos want to help America solve her rubber problem. Our land laws, applicable to all, Filipinos included, were designed to protect our country from concentration of huge tracts of land in the hands of a few. This policy reflects the conservation era of America's history, and was applied to the Philippines by Congress itself when it passed the Philippine Organic Act of 1902, which contained provisions even more restrictive than those in the present law. So far as the Philippines are concerned it is distinctly American both in concept and application and was heartily embraced by Filipinos.

During the Spanish regime the effects of immense landholdings in the Philippines were disastrous; the American Government itself sent William Howard Taft to Rome in 1907 to negotiate with the Pope for the purchase for $7,500,000 by the Philippine Government of the vast friar lands that they might be sold in small parcels to the tenants; in addition to this, the sufferings of peoples under the old feudal system; the ghastly conditions now existing in the rubber areas of the Congo and Amazon forests; and the present conflicts in Mexico have served as a warning to the Filipinos of the dangers of opening up their national wealth to unrestricted investment.

The restrictions in our land laws are such that development of our rubber lands by moderate-size holdings is perfectly possible. An individual or a corporation may, under the present law, purchase 2,500 acres and lease an equal amount for a period of twenty-five years, subject to renewal for two additional twenty-five-year periods. This provision is neither too restrictive to make impossible the profitable growing of rubber nor too liberal to convert us into victims of exploitation. In this connection the report of the committee authorized by Congress to investigate rubber growing in the Philippines, entitled "Possibilities for Para Rubber Production in the Philippine Islands," says:

> The present land laws, designed to retain a diffused land ownership, do not lend themselves to large-capital corporations in rubber lands. Nevertheless moderate-size plantations are possible with foreign capital and, moreover, the small native planter might become a producer of important further supplies.

Dr. James W. Strong, vice-president and general manager of the American Rubber Company of Mindanao, who has been in the rubber business in the archipelago for twenty-one years, in an article in the June, 1926, issue of the American Chamber of Commerce *Journal of the Philippines*, says:

> There is no reason why America cannot grow her own rubber in the Philippine Islands under present conditions. . . . The present land law permits the buying of 2,500 acres and the leasing of an equal amount. This area is a good economic unit. Were it permissible to hold larger areas, they would certainly be split up into similar sizes for advantageous management. Why not start it off in that way?

Even large-scale production is possible under the present law. Corporations to purchase lands within the limitations of the present land laws may be financed by American capital and, in this way, rubber in quantities sufficient for the needs of the United States may be grown. Contracts could be entered into between the financing company and the small corporations by which rubber would be delivered to the former at the market price or at a price specified in the contract. Whether or not American capital enters the Philippines, the Filipinos are experimenting in rubber production and will produce great quantities in the next twenty-five years. An arrangement of a similar nature has been going on in connection with our sugar industry; its success testifies to the fact that the application of our present land legislation is not hampering the economic growth of our country. Millions of dollars have been invested in the sugar centrals by corporations that do not own the lands but have contracts with the farmers, who, by virtue of such contracts, turn over the sugar cane raised by them to the centrals.

It is suggested—almost with the gesture of a threat—that if the Filipinos do not open their lands to what would amount to unlimited investments, Congress should take a hand and modify the present land laws of the Philippines. To do so would be an infringement of the rights granted by Congress to the Filipino people. Section 9 of the Jones Act, the present organic act of the Philippines, provides:

> All property and rights which may have been acquired in the Philippine Islands by the United States under the treaty of peace with Spain signed December 10, 1898, . . . are hereby placed under the control of the government of said islands to be administered or disposed of for the benefit thereof, and the Philippine Legislature shall have the power to legislate with respect to all such matters as it may deem advisable: but acts of the Philippine Legislature with reference to land of the public domain, timber, and mining, hereafter enacted, shall not have the force of law until approved by the President.

The intention of Congress as expressed in this section of the Jones Act is made the more clear by the proviso that all such legislation must first be approved by the President of the United States before taking effect: the Philippine Legislature to legislate and the United States Government through the President to check. For Congress, therefore, to initiate legislation with reference to our public lands, instead of letting our legislature act as it deems best, would be an unjustified curtailment of our right.

It is here reiterated that only the granting of independence will finally solve the economic problems of the Philippines. This point of view is clearly expressed in a resolution adopted by the Philippine Legislature which was presented to Colonel Thompson upon his departure from Manila:

> We believe that the chief reason why the full material development of the country has not been accomplished is that we have been denied the powers necessary to shape our economic policies. We are firmly convinced that independence alone will give us these powers. Delay in granting independence prevents us from adopting a policy which would facilitate the coming of capital from abroad, and constrains us to oppose an amendment of our land laws which would permit vast organizations of capital securing unlimited areas of our public lands. We likewise are opposed to any economic policy which would allow selfish exploitation of our natural resources.

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The Cost of the British Coal Strike

THE following résumé of the enormous cost to British industry occasioned by the five months' coal strike just ended was compiled by the London General Press.

The coal industry was completely shut down at the outbreak of the General Strike in May, the only coal of British production which was forthcoming being a weekly total of about 100,000 tons from outcrops, a mere trickle compared with the weekly flow of 5,000,000 tons obtaining under normal conditions. Early in August the first serious breach in the miners' front occurred and thereafter the return of dissatisfied members of the Miners' Federation continued fairly steadily.

On a broad calculation the monthly loss of commercially disposable coal arising out of the stoppage may be put at about 19,000,000 tons during the period May-August, thereafter declining to about 14,000,000 tons in the four weeks preceding the settlement of the dispute. The total loss of production was probably in the neighborhood of 110,000,000 to 120,000,000 tons, which at the abnormally low pit-head prices prevailing before the strike would represent a gross monetary loss of about £90,000,000 to £95,000,000. Of this total about three-fourths, or say £70,000,000, is represented by loss of wages. The miners thus were called upon to shoulder the heaviest individual share of the cost of the stoppage.

The railways are among the most obvious of the secondary sufferers by the dispute. Depression in the "heavy" industries —iron and steel, etc.—had already left its mark on the earnings of the railways in 1925, when every trunk line drew on reserves in order to pay dividends on its ordinary stock. Early in 1926, however, recovery was in progress and receipts were running ahead of those of the corresponding months of 1925. Then came the General Strike which almost completely immobilized the railways for nearly a fortnight. Full passenger services were restored a few weeks after the General Strike, oil fuel and imported coal being pressed into service, but reduced general traffic, the absence of any outward movement of coal, and stagnation in the iron and steel trades were largely responsible for a drop of £26,000,000 in gross earnings up to the first week of November, 1926, as compared with the corresponding period of 1925. Some part of this loss will doubtless have been offset by the reduced wages enforced as a penalty for the General Strike, but the foreign coal and oil fuel used in maintaining services have been many times more expensive than the domestic commodity as normally consumed.

Next come the iron and steel trades. The more finished branches, such as structural steel, maintained some sort of production under difficulties, drawing on whatever stocks of fuel and semi-finished materials happened to be close at hand during the early weeks of the stoppage, and on foreign supplies later on. In this respect those works nearest the seaboard enjoyed the greatest advantage. The production of pig-iron and steel, however, came to an almost complete standstill, the monthly loss under this heading averaging, on a conservative computation, about 500,000 tons of pig-iron and 600,000 tons of steel. At prestrike prices and allowing for the absence of any expenditures under the heading of fuel, the total monetary loss will probably reach £35,000,000. This figure allows for a period of three or four months after the present coal settlement, which must necessarily elapse before the industry is again fully under way. Part of the loss may, of course, be recovered if a period of unusual activity follows the settlement, representing the "catching up" of orders which have accumulated during the dispute, but the lion's share can probably be put down as lost.

For other industries we have no direct data, reliable figures as to home production being lacking, but two sets of official returns throw considerable light on the matter, viz., the statistics of overseas trade and the unemployment-insurance returns. Exports of cotton yarns and manufactured goods have fallen off by £36,500,000 in the first ten months of 1926, as

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compared with the same months of 1925, woolen and worsted yarns manufactures by £7,250,000; other textiles and clothing by £3,000,000; pottery by £1,000,000; leather, boots, and shoes by £500,000. The falling off in British exports of all kinds for the same period amounts to no less than £97,000,000. Similarly, we find in every case a significant increase in the numbers for Great Britain and Northern Ireland of registered unemployed, exclusive of coal miners on strike.

TOTAL NUMBERS UNEMPLOYED

	On the eve of stoppage	After five months' stoppage
Cotton	56,708	139,555
Woolen and worsted	25,012	43,818
Other textiles	68,168	92,145
Pig iron	3,426	16,613
Steel	40,722	101,461
Engineering	70,213	109,950
Shipbuilding	83,896	99,285
Boot and shoe	10,413	18,497
Pottery	9,663	22,501
Railways	9,376	22,330
Other trades	716,232	982,167
All trades	1,093,829	1,648,322

These disturbances of the national earning power will be reflected, in due course, in a decline in the national revenue in 1926-1927, and still more in 1927-1928, though its dimensions will not be known until many months have elapsed. The small surplus budgeted for last April has already disappeared, and the Chancellor cannot well escape the necessity of asking Parliament for its assent to new taxation proposals next year.

The figures given above afford some idea of the extremely costly nature of the late stoppage, and the wide area over which its losses have been spread. An approximate idea of the total loss under all headings can be arrived at by adopting the estimate of the Westminster Bank (one of the "Big Five" British institutions), that the stoppage reduced the effective productive power of the country by 15 per cent, involving a weekly falling-off in the national income of £10,000,000. For the twenty-nine weeks of the stoppage, and including an extra £15,000,000 on account of the General Strike in the first fortnight of May, the aggregate loss thus comes out at £305,000,000.

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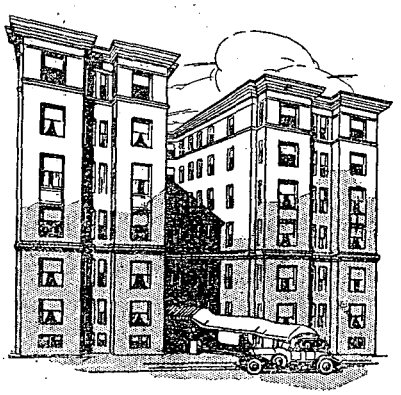

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